CLASSIC COMICS™

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The Telesnap Archive

THE WEB OF FEAR

The Fourth Doctor meets ***The Wreckers***

The Daleks set out upon the ***Road to Conflict***

plus Who is the Stranger featuring the Third Doctor

7 709767 921007 17

TV ACTION

This week's BIG Picture Story

DR. WHO

Who is the enemy?

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CLASSIC COMICS

***THE WRECKERS*.....4**
The Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane Smith encounter some old foes on the moon of Gorgas. Written by Dennis Hooper and drawn by Martin Asbury, the story has new colours by Paul Vyse. Originally presented in *TV Comic* Issues 1223 – 1231.

THE DALEKS: *ROAD TO CONFLICT*.....22
The Dalek Emperor discovers Earth at last in the final story, from *TV Century 21* Issues 96 – 104. Written by David Whitaker with art by Ron Turner.

THE TELESNAP ARCHIVE: *THE WEB OF FEAR*.....25
The Yeti attack the Second Doctor and the beleaguered humans in this 1968 classic.The next instalment of previously unpublished pictures can be found in **Doctor Who Magazine** Issue 212.

STRIPPED ASSETS.....31
Alan Woollcombe talks to *TV Century 21's* original editor Alan Fennell about his memories of the ground-breaking *The Daleks* strip.

***KANE'S STORY*.....38**
The Sixth Doctor and Frobisher meet up with Peri Brown in New York. A story written by Alan McKenzie and drawn by John Ridgway with new colours by David Leach. Originally presented in **Doctor Who Monthly** Issue104.

***WHO IS THE STRANGER*...45**
The Third Doctor finds himself trapped in Nazi-occupied France during World War Two. Written by Dennis Hooper with art by Gerry Haylock and featuring new colouring by David Leach, this story was originally presented in *TV Action* Issue 104.

It cannot have escaped anyone's notice that the British press has recently been swamped with news of the apparently imminent return of *Doctor Who* to our television screens. Before we all get excited about this, it is worth remembering a few facts. Firstly if (and it is still an if) Steven Spielberg does buy the rights to make a new series, it is quite likely to be autumn 1996 or even spring 1997 before we see any stories. At this stage any casting can only be rumour and not hard fact.

Likewise even though they have joined forces with Lumiere (themselves associated with Warner Bros) Green Light's long-proposed *Doctor Who* movie will still be quite some way from the big screen. Let us hope that in both these cases, if their proposals are accepted by the BBC and the projects go ahead, that they take care of the very special character and set-ups that they have got. No-one really wants to see *Doctor Who* brought back after so long only to be so dismal and unpopular that it fades away again – most likely, for ever.

***Doctor Who* is a very special television concept, loved around the world by millions of people. We all want it back again – but we must be prepared to wait. Quality is far more important that quantity and speed is *not* of the essence.**

Gary

Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
AFTER the successful defeat of the Daleks and the despatch of Shazar, the Doctor and Sarah-Jane head for home. With mere light years between the Tardis and Earth . . .

I CAN ALMOST SMELL THE COUNTRY AIR, DOCTOR.
WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, SARAH-JANE.

NEXT MOMENT...
HELLO, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE DISTANT TRACKING SENSOR?
PERHAPS IT'S A MALFUNCTION OF SOME SORT?

IMPOSSIBLE! AS PART OF OUR REWARD FOR DEALING WITH THE DALEKS, THE TIME LORD GAVE THE OLD GIRL AN ABSOLUTE OVERHAUL.
SO WHAT CAN IT BE?

SOMETHING THAT SENDS OUT A REGULAR PULSE EVERY SIX-POINT-THREE SECONDS, SARAH-JANE. DEFINITELY NOT A PULSAR OR ANY NATURAL PHENOMENON.
THEN IT MUST ORIGINATE FROM SOMETHING INTELLIGENT!

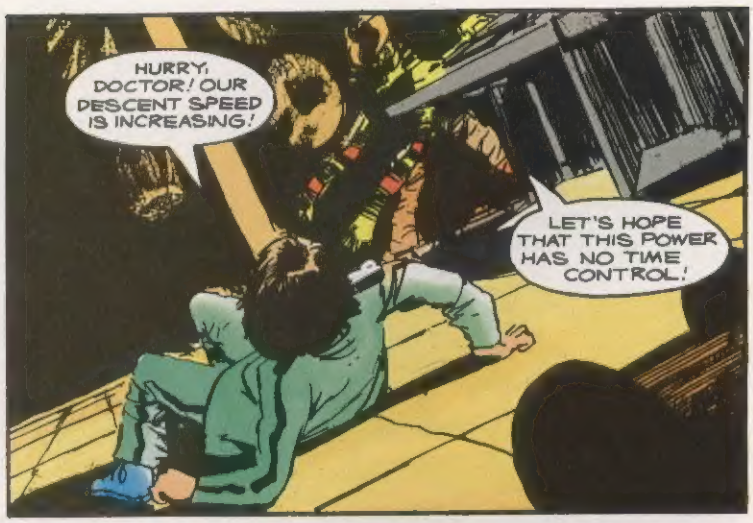
AND IN THE BOUNDLESS DISTANCE OF IMMEDIATE SPACE...
WE HAVE A DISTRESS CALL COMING IN ON BEARING SIX-SEVEN-ZERO, SPACEMASTER!
MAKE A FIX AND CHANGE COURSE ACCORDINGLY!

THE GIANT SHIP IS SOON CLOSING ON THE MAMMOTH, GASEOUS PLANET OF GORGUS, WITH ITS ATTENDANT THIRTEEN MOONS...
THE SIGNAL APPEARS TO ORIGINATE FROM NUMBER EIGHT OF HER SATELLITES, SPACEMASTER.

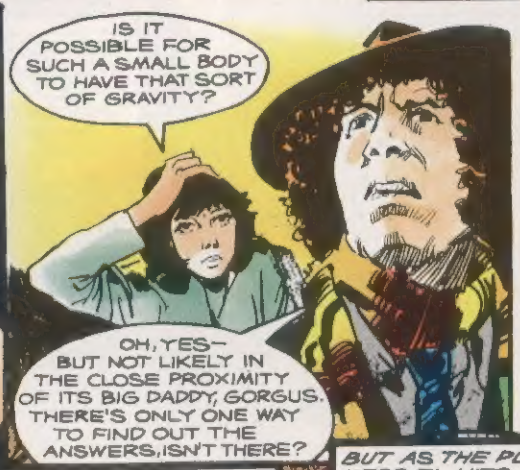
HOW IN THE NAME OF CREATION DID ONE OF OUR SHIPS GET OUT HERE?
IT COULD BE AN EXPLORATION SHIP, SPACEMASTER.

BUT WE ARE TOLD OF ALL SUCH EXPEDITIONS AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE TO THEIR SAFETY.
COULD BE THEY'VE BEEN HERE SOME TIME, SPACEMASTER. QUITE A FEW OF OUR VESSELS WENT MISSING A WHILE BACK.
VERY WELL, AGGA. IF IT IS ONE OF THOSE POOR DEVILS, IT IS OUR DUTY TO GET THEM OFF THAT SPACE-FORSAKEN HEAP OF ROCK!
BEFORE LONG, THE MASSIVE NUCLEAR ENGINES OF THE EQUINAN SHIP ARE REVERSED AGAINST THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE DESOLATE MOON...
DECELERATION BEGINS...
THE EQUINAN COMMANDER'S ORDERS ARE OBEYED IMMEDIATELY. YET...
BUT THE SLOWING PROCESS IS NOT SPACE MINUTES OLD, WHEN...
EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! THE GRAVITY IS TWICE AS GREAT AS CHARTED, SPACE MASTER!
APPLY MAXIMUM BOOST! BLAST CLEAR!
THE ENGINES ARE OVERHEATING BEYOND DANGER LEVEL, SPACEMASTER!
AND WE'RE STILL BEING TAKEN DOWN!
SPACEMASTER ROPPY MAKES A SECOND DECISION...
CUT THE ENGINES! PUT OUT A DISTRESS SIGNAL AND EVACUATE THE SHIP!
WITHIN SECONDS, A SMALL CAPSULE JETS FROM THE STRICKEN SHIP...
MEANWHILE, ANOTHER CRAFT APPROACHES GORGUS FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION...
THE SIGNAL IS AS CLEAR AS A BELL NOW. I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE EXACT MEANING BUT IT'S DEFINITELY SOME SOME SORT OF DISTRESS CALL.
AND IT'S COMING FROM ONE OF THAT MONSTER PLANET'S MOONS, DOCTOR?
SOON, A FAMILIAR PATTERN OF EVENTS TAKES PLACE...
BY GOLLY! AM I GOING CRACKERS OR ARE THESE FIGURES CORRECT, DOCTOR?
WHAT'S WRONG, SARAH-JANE?
GOOD GRIEF! IT HAS THE DRAG OF A DWARF STAR! IF I DON'T ACT AT ONCE WE'RE DONE FOR!

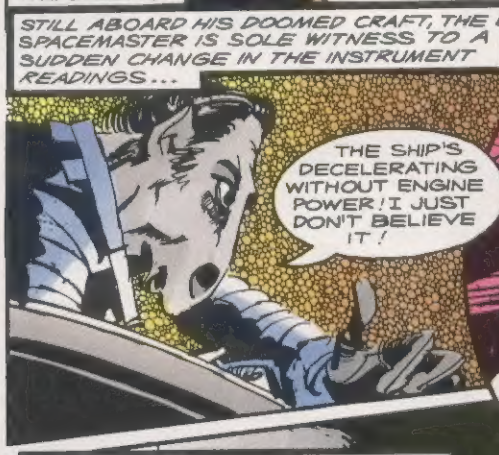
Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
RETURNING to Earth, the Doctor and Sarah-Jane investigate a distant, pulsating signal and, like the Equinan transport ship that has gone before them, find that it emanates from the eighth moon of the giant planet Gorgus. They also find themselves drawn towards the mysterious satellite by incredible gravitational pull . . .

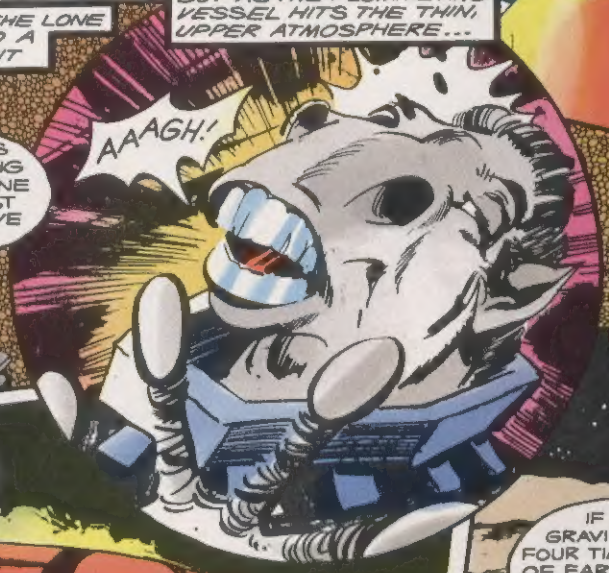

HURRY, DOCTOR! OUR DESCENT SPEED IS INCREASING!
LET'S HOPE THAT THIS POWER HAS NO TIME CONTROL!

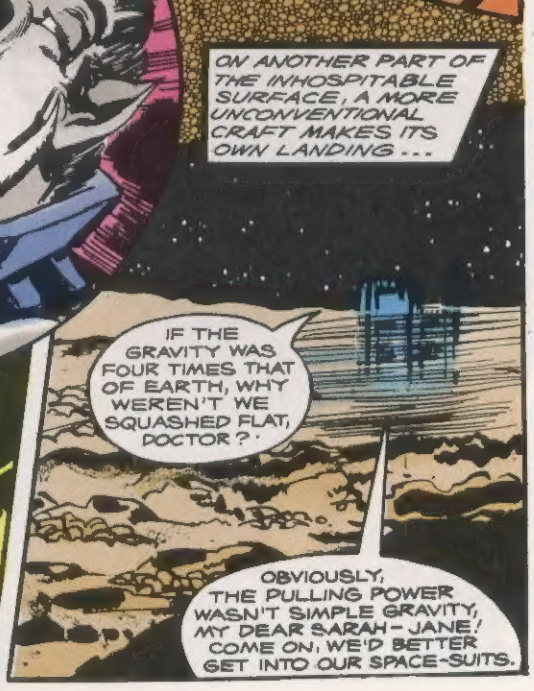
AND...
AHA! SUCCESS!
THANK GOODNESS! I THOUGHT WE WERE ON OUR WAY BACK TO SHAZAR AND THE DALEKS!

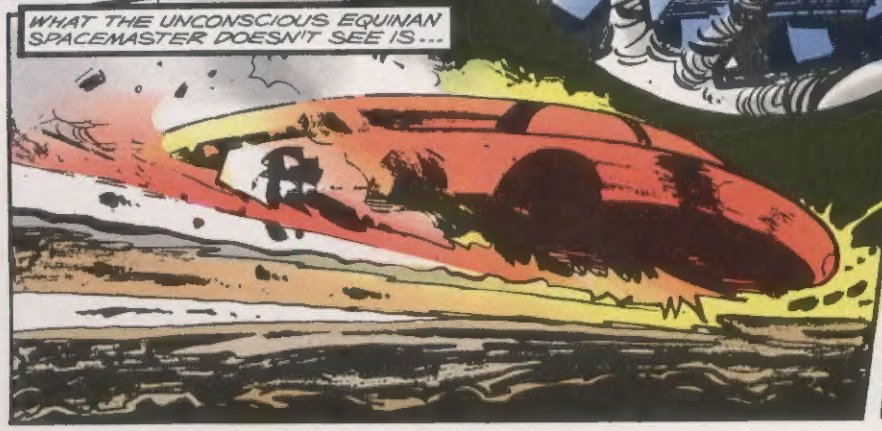

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR SUCH A SMALL BODY TO HAVE THAT SORT OF GRAVITY?
OH, YES— BUT NOT LIKELY IN THE CLOSE PROXIMITY OF ITS BIG DADDY, GORGUS. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT THE ANSWERS, ISN'T THERE?

MEANWHILE THE STRICKEN EQUINAN SHIP IS CLOSING ON DISASTER FROM AN OPPOSITE FLIGHT PATH...

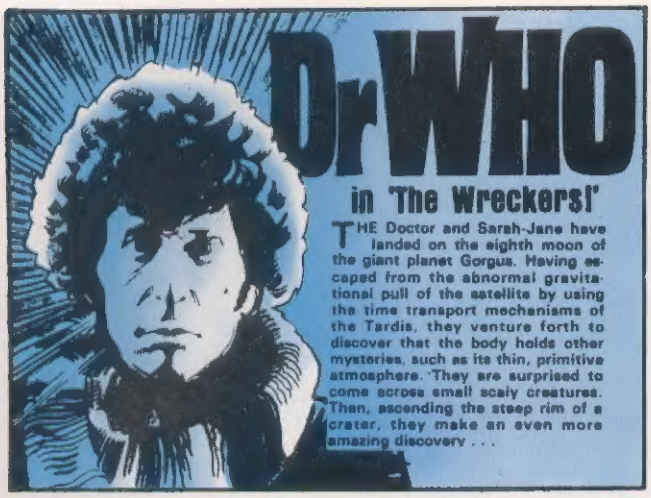

STILL ABOARD HIS DOOMED CRAFT, THE LONE SPACEMASTER IS SOLE WITNESS TO A SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE INSTRUMENT READINGS...
THE SHIP'S DECELERATING WITHOUT ENGINE POWER! I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT!

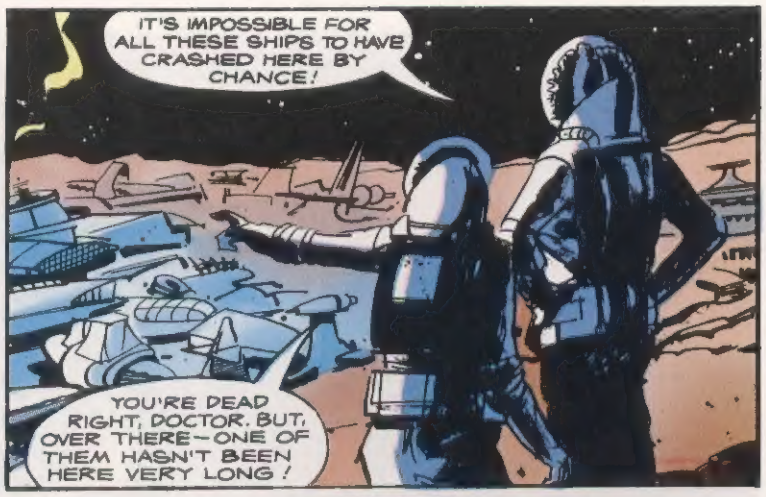

BUT AS THE PLUMMETING VESSEL HITS THE THIN, UPPER ATMOSPHERE...
AAAGH!


ON ANOTHER PART OF THE INHOSPITABLE SURFACE, A MORE UNCONVENTIONAL CRAFT MAKES ITS OWN LANDING...
IF THE GRAVITY WAS FOUR TIMES THAT OF EARTH, WHY WEREN'T WE SQUASHED FLAT, DOCTOR?
OBVIOUSLY, THE PULLING POWER WASN'T SIMPLE GRAVITY, MY DEAR SARAH-JANE! COME ON, WE'D BETTER GET INTO OUR SPACE-SUITS.


WHAT THE UNCONSCIOUS EQUINAN SPACEMASTER DOESN'T SEE IS...

SOON...
TELL ME, DOCTOR, DID YOU KNOW FOR SURE IT WAS SAFE TO LAND HERE?
NOT REALLY, MY DEAR. IT WAS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL AN INSPIRED GUESS. THIS WAY...
SUDDENLY...
EEK!
WHAT IS IT? D'YOU THINK IT'S GOING TO ATTACK?
THE ANSWER TO QUESTION ONE IS I DON'T KNOW. THE ANSWER TO QUESTION TWO IS I DON'T THINK SO!
THE DOCTOR'S ASSUMPTION IS CORRECT...
HOW DOES IT SURVIVE ON A PLANET WITHOUT ATMOSPHERE OR PLANTLIFE?
WE HAVEN'T COME HERE TO STUDY THE BIOLOGY OF THE PLACE, SARAH-JANE! LET'S GET ON.
I'M SURE I SAW A STRANGE PATTERN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS CRATER, JUST BEFORE WE LANDED.
IT LOOKS LIKE QUITE A HAUL, DOCTOR. PITY WE DIDN'T BRING A BUGGY!
THE ASCENT PROVES TO BE JUST AS GRUELLING AS EXPECTED...
NOT FAR TO GO NOW, SARAH-JANE.
DRAT THESE HORRIBLE, CLUMSY SPACE-SUITS! I NEVER SHALL GET THE HANG OF THEM!
AND CLOSE TO THE TOP, THEY SEE SOMETHING FAMILIAR...
WELL, THAT ANSWERS ONE MYSTERY. THEY ARE OBVIOUSLY A SPECIES OF WILD-LIFE.
WHICH MEANS THERE COULD BE OTHER FORMS OF LIFE HERE, DOCTOR!
WHEN THEY REACH THEIR FINAL DESTINATION...
INCREDIBLE!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
WHO OR WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAVE BROUGHT ALL THOSE SPACESHIPS TO SUCH A FATE?


Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
THE Doctor and Sarah-Jane have landed on the eighth moon of the giant planet Gorgus. Having escaped from the abnormal gravitational pull of the satellite by using the time transport mechanisms of the Tardis, they venture forth to discover that the body holds other mysteries, such as its thin, primitive atmosphere. They are surprised to come across small scaly creatures. Then, ascending the steep rim of a crater, they make an even more amazing discovery . . .


IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ALL THESE SHIPS TO HAVE CRASHED HERE BY CHANCE!
YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT, DOCTOR. BUT, OVER THERE—ONE OF THEM HASN'T BEEN HERE VERY LONG!

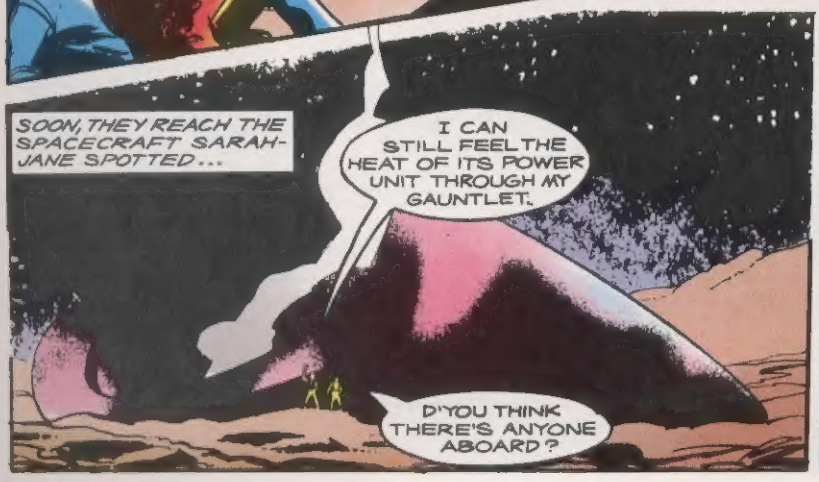
HOW OBSERVANT OF YOU, SARAH-JANE. COME ON. LET US INVESTIGATE!

SUDDENLY, A ROCK APPEARS TO MOVE UNDER THE DOCTOR'S HEAVY BOOT...
WHAT THE...?
LOOK OUT, DOCTOR!

THE WEIRD, SNAKE-LIKE CREATURE MOVES WITH AMAZING SPEED...
FEROCIOUS DEVIL...OOPS! LOST MY BALANCE!

LUCKILY FOR THE DOCTOR, SARAH-JANE ACTS QUICKLY...
GET AWAY, YOU BRUTE!

AND...
I WONDER IF IT'S BITE WOULD HAVE PENETRATED YOUR SPACE-SUIT, DOCTOR?
THAT'S AN EXPERIMENT I'D RATHER AVOID IF YOU DON'T MIND, SARAH-JANE! THANKS FOR THE HELP!


SOON, THEY REACH THE SPACECRAFT SARAH-JANE SPOTTED...
I CAN STILL FEEL THE HEAT OF ITS POWER UNIT THROUGH MY GAUNTLET.
D'YOU THINK THERE'S ANYONE ABOARD?

I SHOULDN'T THINK SO. I DON'T GIVE MUCH FOR THEIR CHANCE OF SURVIVING THE CRASH. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A WAY IN!

AFTER A CAREFUL SEARCH...
YOU MUST HAVE SPRUNG THE MECHANISM TO OPERATE THIS HATCH! I FEEL A BIT LIKE A BURGLAR.
IF WE WAIT FOR A FORMAL INVITATION, WE COULD WAIT FOR ETERNITY!
THE HATCH LEADS INTO THE HOLD OF THE VAST TRANSPORT VESSEL...
I WONDER WHAT THE CARGO CAN BE?
ALMOST ANYTHING! IT COULD ALSO BE THE REASON WHY THE SHIP WAS BROUGHT DOWN HERE!
A LITTLE LATER...
SO THERE IS SOMEONE ON BOARD!
I THINK HE'S ALIVE, SARAH-JANE — AND HE BREATHES OXYGEN, LIKE US. SEE IF YOU CAN FIND SOME WATER.
ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR. I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND. IN THE MEANTIME, TAKE THESE SMELLING SALTS, I ALWAYS CARRY WITH ME.
SARAH'S REMEDY ROUSES THE ALIEN...
TAKE IT EASY, OLD CHAP.
SUDDENLY...
UHH! WHAT THE...? WE MEAN YOU NO HARM!
DON'T BE A FOOL! I'M YOUR FRIEND!
BUT HOW THE DEVIL DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT WHEN I CAN'T COMMUNICATE?
WHEN SARAH-JANE SMITH RETURNS IN GREAT EXCITEMENT...
DOCTOR! DOCTOR!
OH, HEAVENS! SHE HASN'T REALISED HE'S ARMED! I CAN ONLY HOPE HE ISN'T AS TRIGGER-HAPPY AS HE LOOKS!
WHILE OUTSIDE, AN EVEN GREATER THREAT HAS ARRIVED...

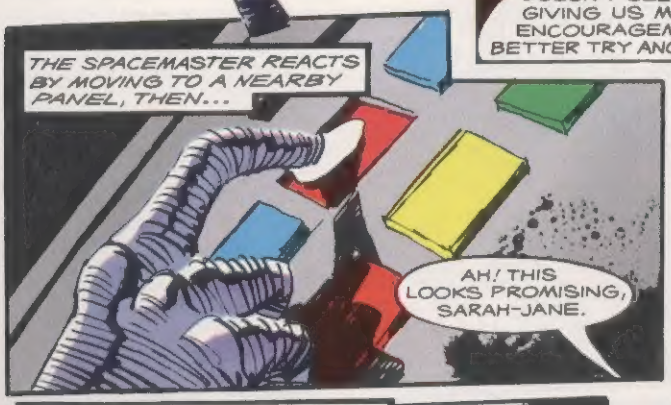
Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
LANDING on one of the eight moons of the giant planet Gorgus, the Doctor and Sarah-Jane set out to discover what caused the abnormal gravitational pull which nearly wrecked the Tardis. A short trek on the barren surface leads them to a graveyard of space-ships. Here, they discover the Equinan ship that has just crashed, and board her. When the Equinan Spacemaster recovers consciousness he jumps to the wrong conclusions, and an excited Sarah-Jane is so eager to tell her news that she doesn't notice the ray-gun he is holding ...

DOCTOR! THERE ARE STRANGE VEHICLES ALL ROUND THE SHIP!
SHE'S DISTRACTED HIM. I HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE!

THE EQUINAN SPACEMASTER IS CAUGHT UNAWARES...
SORRY, OLD CHUM...

WITH THE ALIEN DISARMED, THE DOCTOR ATTEMPTS COMMUNICATING BY SIGN-LANGUAGE...
DO YOU THINK HE UNDERSTOOD, DOCTOR?
WELL, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GIVING US MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT. I'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER ANGLE.

THE DOCTOR MUTTERS IN A STRANGE, GARGLING VOICE...
WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
TRILLIC – THE COMMONEST TONGUE IN THE UNIVERSE. A SORT OF CYBERNETIC ESPERANTO.

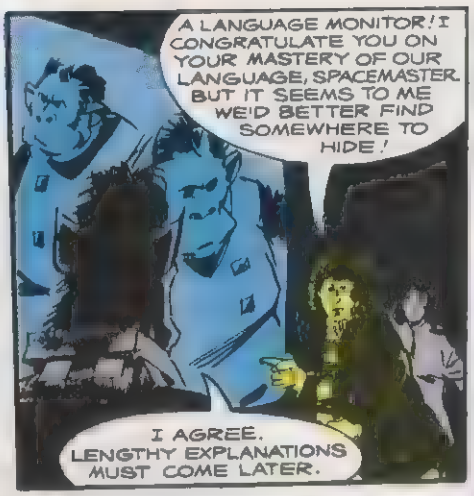

THE SPACEMASTER REACTS BY MOVING TO A NEARBY PANEL, THEN...
AH! THIS LOOKS PROMISING, SARAH-JANE.

A LARGE SCREEN COMES TO LIFE...
IT'S TOO LATE TO GET AWAY.
PERHAPS THEY'RE NOT HOSTILE.

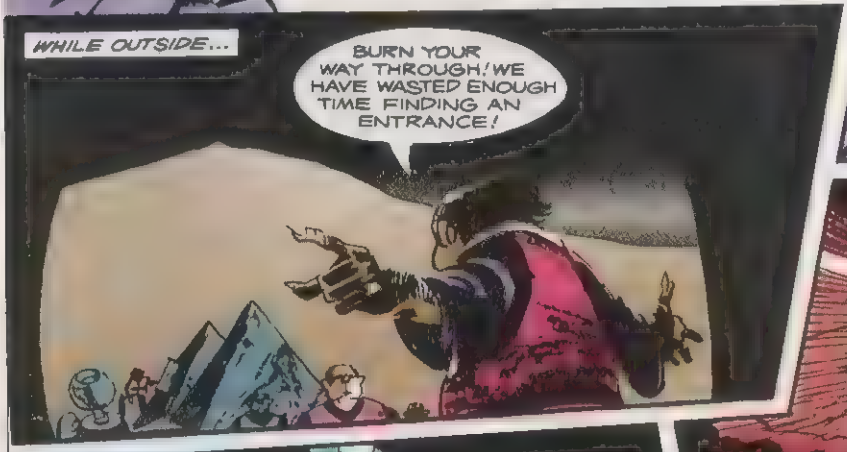
A CLOSER PICTURE IS ENOUGH TO DISPEL SARAH-JANE'S OPTIMISM...
THEY LOOK PRETTY RUTHLESS, IN MY OPINION!
BUT WE MUST DO SOMETHING.

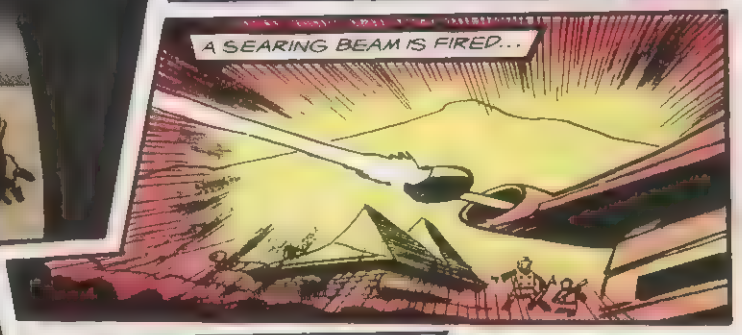
NEXT MOMENT...
HMM! INTERESTING! IF I'M RIGHT, WE ARE ABOUT TO OVERCOME AT LEAST ONE PROBLEM!

AS THE MINUTES DRAG BY...
SO WE APPEAR TO BE ALLIES, DOCTOR!
HE'S SPEAKING ENGLISH!

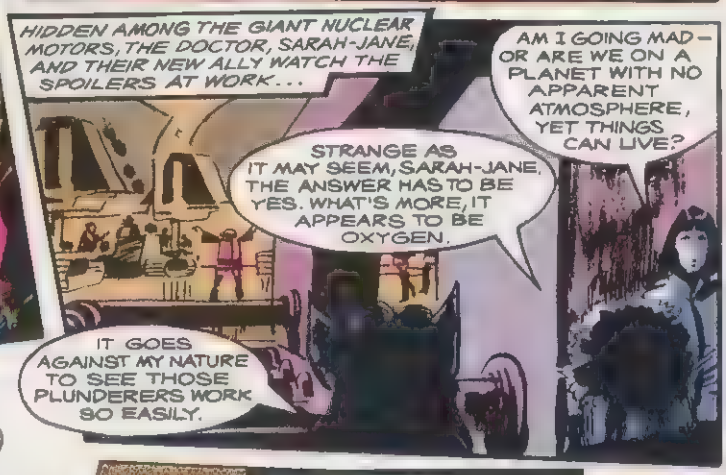

A LANGUAGE MONITOR! I CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR MASTERY OF OUR LANGUAGE, SPACEMASTER. BUT IT SEEMS TO ME WE'D BETTER FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE!
I AGREE. LENGTHY EXPLANATIONS MUST COME LATER.

AND SOON.
WE COULD CONCEAL OURSELVES IN THE CARGO.
THAT IS BOUND TO BE TAKEN. I OPT FOR A PLACE IN THE SHIP. WHAT CAN YOU OFFER?
SOMEWHERE AMONG THE ENGINES WOULD APPEAR LESS LIKELY TO ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION.

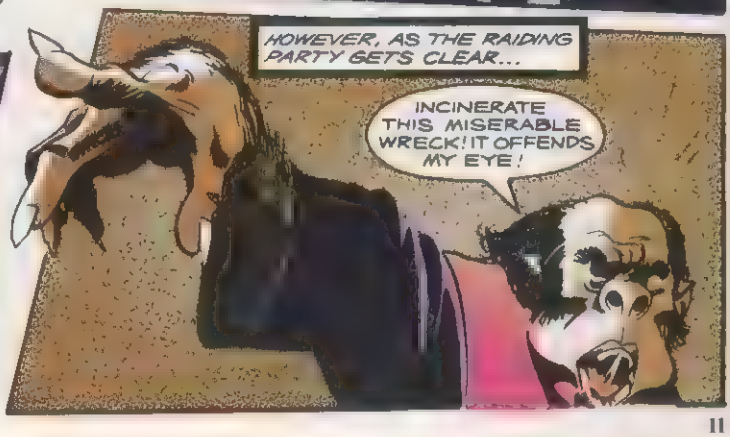

WHILE OUTSIDE...
BURN YOUR WAY THROUGH! WE HAVE WASTED ENOUGH TIME FINDING AN ENTRANCE!

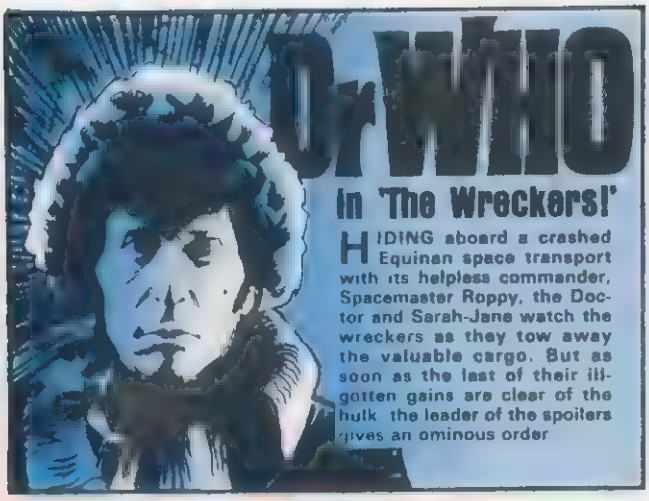

A SEARING BEAM IS FIRED...

WITH ALMOST INSTANT RESULTS...
COME, LET US SEE WHAT SPOILS WE SHARE!

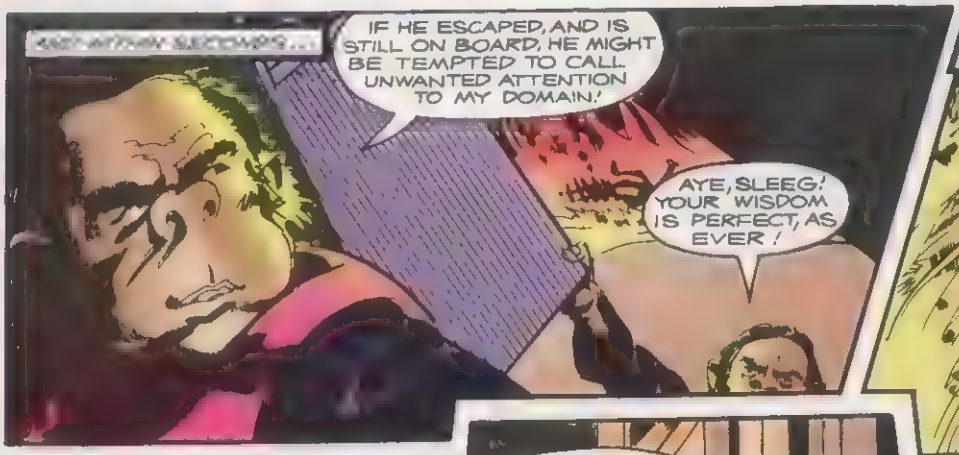

HIDDEN AMONG THE GIANT NUCLEAR MOTORS, THE DOCTOR, SARAH-JANE, AND THEIR NEW ALLY WATCH THE SPOILERS AT WORK...
AM I GOING MAD — OR ARE WE ON A PLANET WITH NO APPARENT ATMOSPHERE, YET THINGS CAN LIVE?
STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, SARAH-JANE, THE ANSWER HAS TO BE YES. WHAT'S MORE, IT APPEARS TO BE OXYGEN.
IT GOES AGAINST MY NATURE TO SEE THOSE PLUNDERERS WORK SO EASILY.

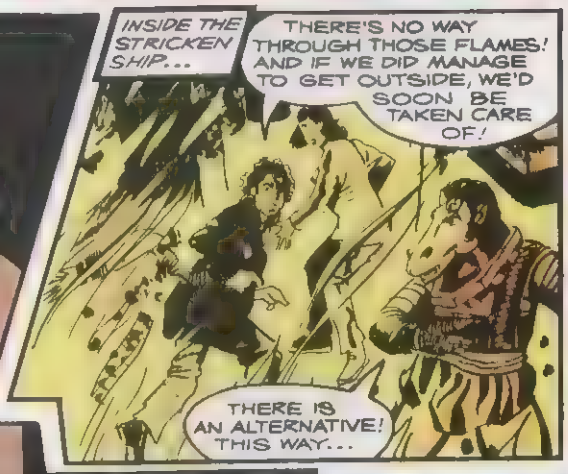
HAVE NO FEAR, MY FRIEND. THEY WILL RUE THIS DAY. SEE? THEY ARE NEARLY DONE, THEN WE CAN FOLLOW.
YOU ARE RIGHT, DOCTOR. NOTHING WILL BRING MY SHIP BACK. BUT AT LEAST WE CAN SAVE OTHERS.


HOWEVER, AS THE RAIDING PARTY GETS CLEAR...
INCINERATE THIS MISERABLE WRECK! IT OFFENDS MY EYE!


Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
HIDING aboard a crashed Equinan space transport with its helpless commander, Spacemaster Roppy, the Doctor and Sarah-Jane watch the wreckers as they tow away the valuable cargo. But as soon as the last of their ill-gotten gains are clear of the hulk the leader of the spoilers gives an ominous order

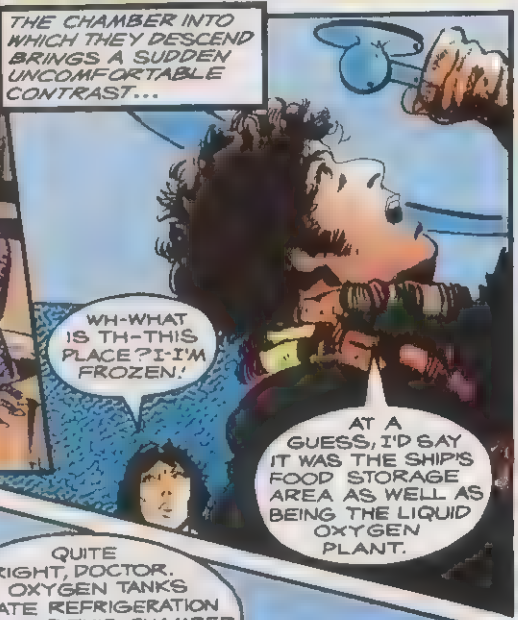
BURN THE ACCURSED THING! WE PICKED UP THE REST OF THE CREW BUT NOT THE SPACEMASTER!

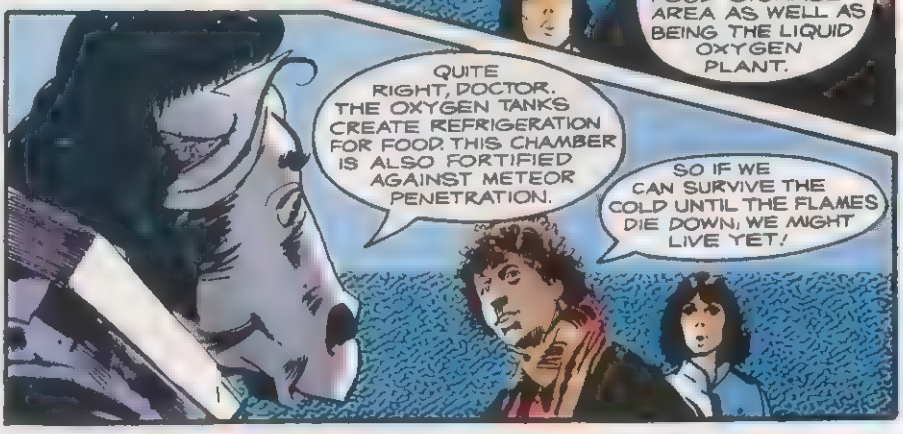

AND WITHIN SECONDS...
IF HE ESCAPED, AND IS STILL ON BOARD, HE MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO CALL UNWANTED ATTENTION TO MY DOMAIN!
AYE, SLEEG! YOUR WISDOM IS PERFECT, AS EVER!

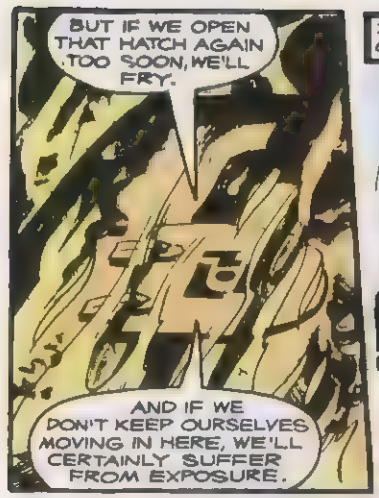

INSIDE THE STRICKEN SHIP...
THERE'S NO WAY THROUGH THOSE FLAMES! AND IF WE DID MANAGE TO GET OUTSIDE, WE'D SOON BE TAKEN CARE OF!
THERE IS AN ALTERNATIVE! THIS WAY...

SPACEMASTER ROPPY LEADS THEM AWAY FROM THE EVER-ADVANCING CURTAIN OF FLAME...
ARE YOU SURE WE'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING, DOCTOR?
I DON'T THINK OUR FRIEND IS STUPID, SARAH-JANE. WE HAVE TO TRUST HIM!

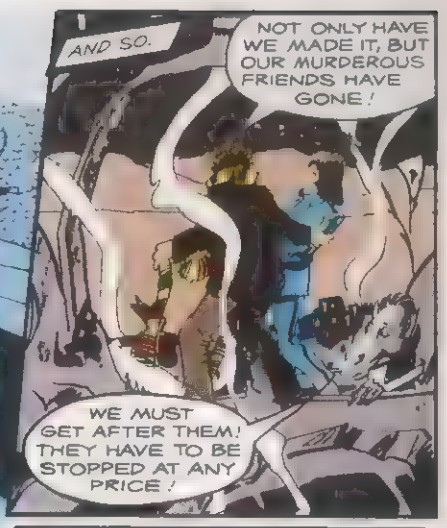
IN YOU GO, SARAH-JANE! IT'S DO OR DIE, WITH NOTHING TO LOSE!
IF YOU SAY SO, DOCTOR!


THE CHAMBER INTO WHICH THEY DESCEND BRINGS A SUDDEN UNCOMFORTABLE CONTRAST...
WH-WHAT IS TH-THIS PLACE? I-I'M FROZEN!
AT A GUESS, I'D SAY IT WAS THE SHIP'S FOOD STORAGE AREA AS WELL AS BEING THE LIQUID OXYGEN PLANT.

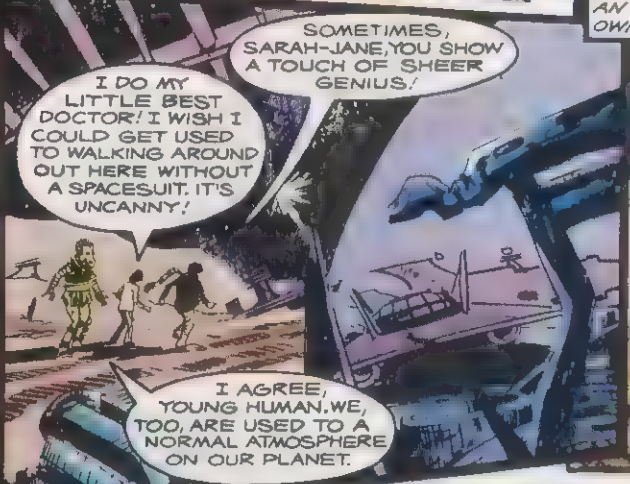

QUITE RIGHT, DOCTOR. THE OXYGEN TANKS CREATE REFRIGERATION FOR FOOD. THIS CHAMBER IS ALSO FORTIFIED AGAINST METEOR PENETRATION.
SO IF WE CAN SURVIVE THE COLD UNTIL THE FLAMES DIE DOWN, WE MIGHT LIVE YET!


BUT IF WE OPEN THAT HATCH AGAIN TOO SOON, WE'LL FRY.
AND IF WE DON'T KEEP OURSELVES MOVING IN HERE, WE'LL CERTAINLY SUFFER FROM EXPOSURE.

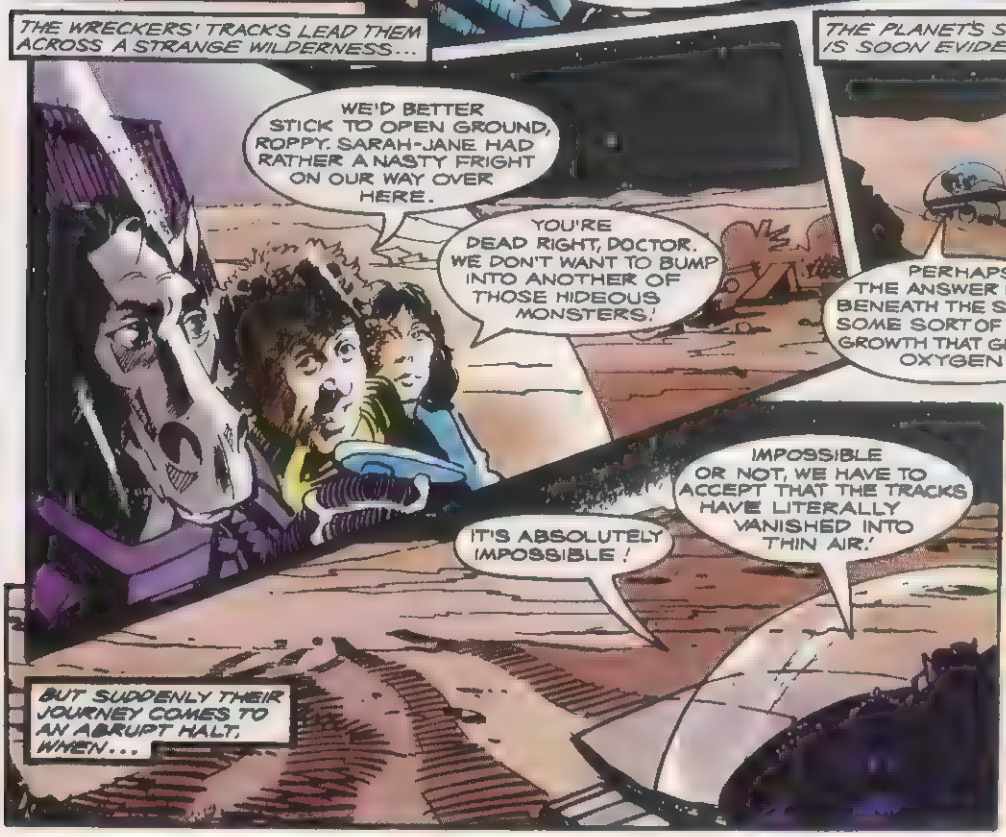
TIME DRAGS AGONISINGLY IN THE SUFFOCATINGLY COLD CHAMBER. AT LAST...
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE, ROPPY. THESE HUMANS DON'T WITHSTAND COLD VERY WELL. SARAH-JANE IS NO EXCEPTION.
THE RISK HAS TO BE TAKEN SOONER OR LATER, DOCTOR.

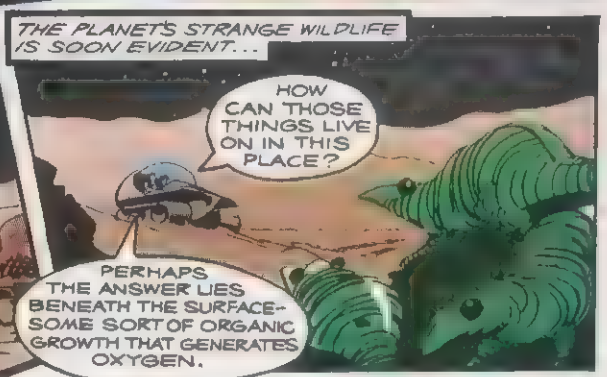

AND SO.
NOT ONLY HAVE WE MADE IT, BUT OUR MURDEROUS FRIENDS HAVE GONE!
WE MUST GET AFTER THEM! THEY HAVE TO BE STOPPED AT ANY PRICE!

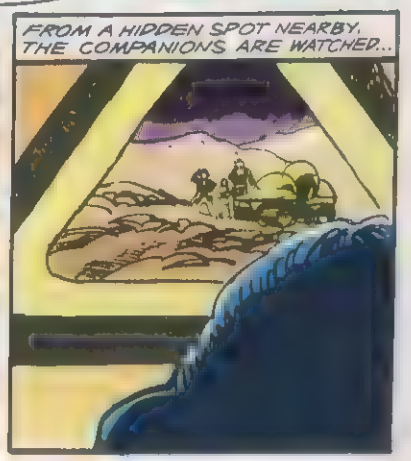
THEY'VE LEFT US A CLEAR ENOUGH TRAIL TO FOLLOW. BUT WE NEED TRANSPORT.
WE MIGHT FIND SOMETHING USEFUL AMONG THOSE WRECKS, DOCTOR.

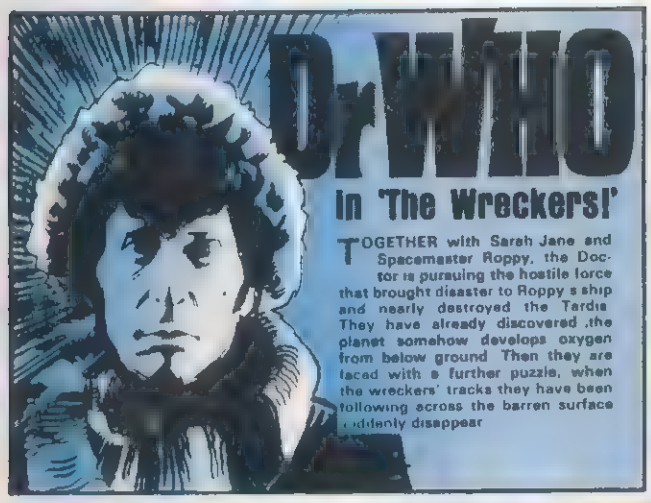

SOMETIMES, SARAH-JANE, YOU SHOW A TOUCH OF SHEER GENIUS.
I DO MY LITTLE BEST DOCTOR! I WISH I COULD GET USED TO WALKING AROUND OUT HERE WITHOUT A SPACESUIT. IT'S UNCANNY!
I AGREE, YOUNG HUMAN. WE, TOO, ARE USED TO A NORMAL ATMOSPHERE ON OUR PLANET.

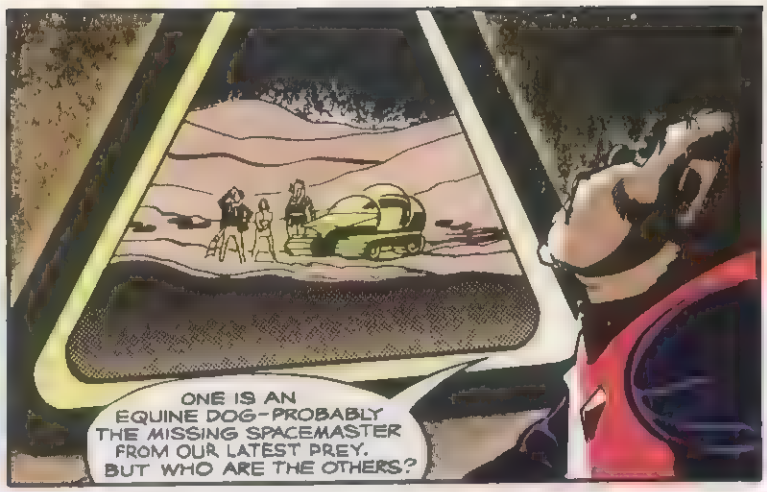
SPACEMASTER ROPPY RECOGNISES AN ANCIENT CRAFT MADE BY HIS OWN PEOPLE. AND...
IT'S IN GOOD WORKING ORDER, TOO!
LET US WASTE NO FURTHER TIME, GOOD FRIEND.

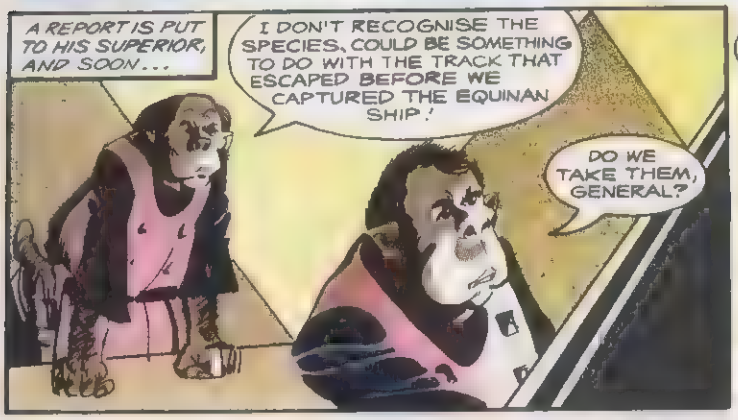

THE WRECKERS' TRACKS LEAD THEM ACROSS A STRANGE WILDERNESS...
WE'D BETTER STICK TO OPEN GROUND, ROPPY. SARAH-JANE HAD RATHER A NASTY FRIGHT ON OUR WAY OVER HERE.
YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT, DOCTOR. WE DON'T WANT TO BUMP INTO ANOTHER OF THOSE HIDEOUS MONSTERS!
IMPOSSIBLE OR NOT, WE HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT THE TRACKS HAVE LITERALLY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
IT'S ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE!
BUT SUDDENLY THEIR JOURNEY COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT, WHEN...


THE PLANET'S STRANGE WILDLIFE IS SOON EVIDENT...
HOW CAN THOSE THINGS LIVE ON IN THIS PLACE?
PERHAPS THE ANSWER LIES BENEATH THE SURFACE- SOME SORT OF ORGANIC GROWTH THAT GENERATES OXYGEN.


FROM A HIDDEN SPOT NEARBY, THE COMPANIONS ARE WATCHED...

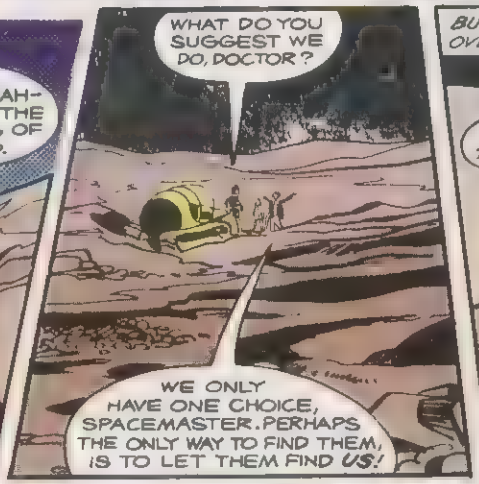

Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
TOGETHER with Sarah Jane and Spacemaster Roppy, the Doctor is pursuing the hostile force that brought disaster to Roppy's ship and nearly destroyed the Tardis. They have already discovered ,the planet somehow develops oxygen from below ground. Then they are faced with a further puzzle, when the wreckers' tracks they have been following across the barren surface suddenly disappear


ONE IS AN EQUINE DOG-PROBABLY THE MISSING SPACEMASTER FROM OUR LATEST PREY. BUT WHO ARE THE OTHERS?


A REPORT IS PUT TO HIS SUPERIOR, AND SOON...
I DON'T RECOGNISE THE SPECIES, COULD BE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE TRACK THAT ESCAPED BEFORE WE CAPTURED THE EQUINAN SHIP!
DO WE TAKE THEM, GENERAL?

OF COURSE, FOOL! THEY'LL MAKE ADDITIONAL SLAVES FOR OUR MASTERS!

MEANWHILE, OUT ON THE SURFACE...
WHAT'S WRONG, DOCTOR?
COULD BE MY IMAGINATION, SARAH-JANE, BUT I GET THE DISTINCT FEELING OF BEING WATCHED.

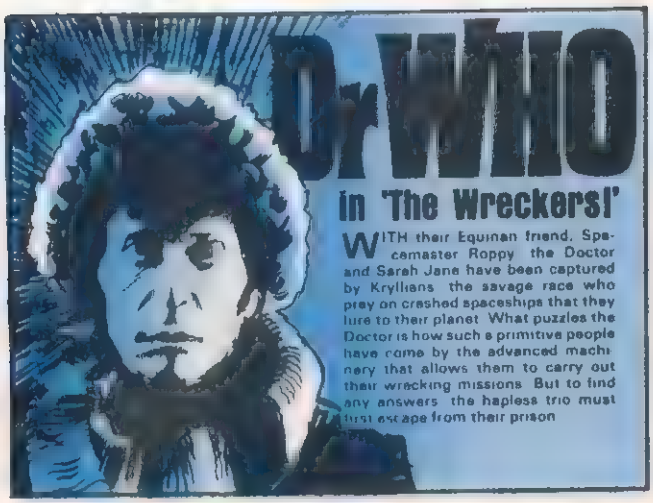

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO, DOCTOR?
WE ONLY HAVE ONE CHOICE, SPACEMASTER. PERHAPS THE ONLY WAY TO FIND THEM, IS TO LET THEM FIND US!

BUT THE TIME OF CHOICE IS OVER, WHEN SUDDENLY...
WHAT THE...?
OH...?
HUH?

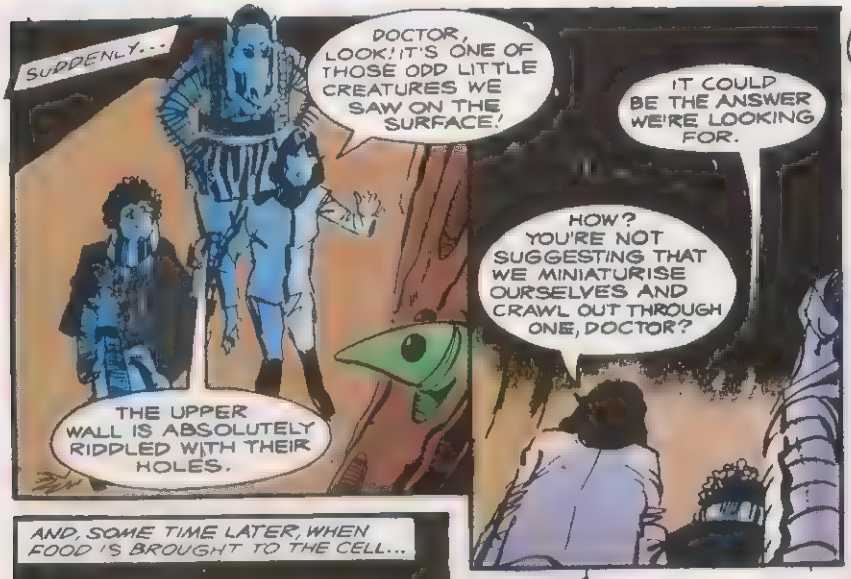
THE COMPANIONS FIND THEMSELVES PLUNGING DOWNWARDS...

MEANWHILE, EVIDENCE OF THE SECRET TRAP IS QUICKLY OBLITERATED...

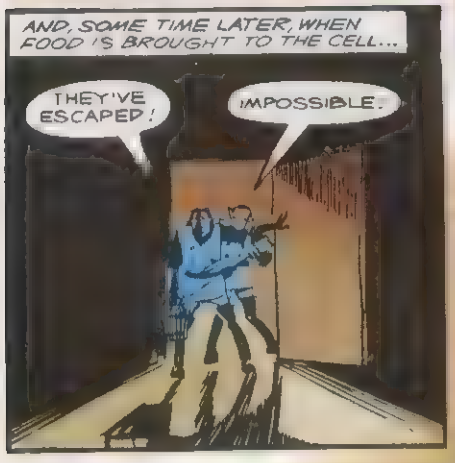
AND DEEP BENEATH THE GROUND, THE VICTIMS FIND THEMSELVES UNABLE TO MOVE...
IT'S NO USE STRUGGLING. WE'RE TRAPPED—PRESUMABLY BY THOSE UGLY-LOOKING BRUTES!
BELOW...
DO YOU WISH TO QUESTION THE STRANGERS, SIR?
NO! SUCH SCRAWNY BEINGS ARE OF NO INTEREST TO ME! PUT THEM WITH THE REST!
MINUTES LATER, THE IMPRISONING NETS BEGIN TO MOVE...
DID YOU UNDERSTAND THEIR TONGUE, ROPPY?
NO, DOCTOR. IT SEEMED A FAIRLY PRIMITIVE AFFAIR. I THINK I COULD GET TO GRIPS WITH IT IN TIME.
THEIR BIZARRE JOURNEY LEADS THEM TO AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT...
NOT EXACTLY THE HEIGHT OF CIVILISATION, IS IT, DOCTOR?
SO WHERE DO THEY RECEIVE SUCH ADVANCED SURFACE WEAPONS FROM?
YOU MEAN SOMEONE ELSE IS ENCOURAGING THEM, DOCTOR?
IT'S THE ONLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION, SARAH-JANE. THESE ARE A PRIMITIVE, WARLIKE PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BE AT THE BOW-AND-ARROW STAGE!
THE NETS ARE GUIDED INTO ANOTHER TUNNEL, AWAY FROM THE OPEN CAVERN, WHERE...
OOF!
OMPH!
OUCH!
THEN...
STOP SHOVING, YOU BEAST!
GAH!
HE'S TRYING TO DIRECT US SOMEWHERE, SARAH-JANE—THOUGH I DON'T THINK IT WOULD TAKE MUCH TO MAKE HIM PULL THAT TRIGGER!
THE DOCTOR HAS SOON INVESTIGATED EVERY SQUARE-METRE OF THEIR MISERABLE CELL, AND...
THIS PLACE IS HEWN OUT OF SOLID ROCK! IF THERE IS A WAY OUT, IT WILL TAKE AN EARTHQUAKE TO FIND IT!
WHEN YOU SAY IT'S HOPELESS, DOCTOR, THINGS MUST BE REALLY BAD!
AND SHORTLY AFTER...
H'MM! IT SEEMS WE HAVE ARRIVED.
NOT EXACTLY BLESSED WITH THE BEST OF MANNERS, ARE THEY, DOCTOR?


Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
WITH their Equinan friend, Spacemaster Roppy the Doctor and Sarah Jane have been captured by Krylians the savage race who prey on crashed spaceships that they lure to their planet What puzzles the Doctor is how such a primitive people have come by the advanced machinery that allows them to carry out their wrecking missions But to find any answers the hapless trio must first escape from their prison

H'MM! PRIMITIVE, BUT IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN A HAIRPIN TO OPEN IT!
SO WE JUST SIT AROUND AND AWAIT OUR FATE.
I JUST WISH I COULD THINK OF A SINGLE DETAIL THAT COULD GIVE US HOPE.


SUDDENLY...
DOCTOR, LOOK! IT'S ONE OF THOSE ODD LITTLE CREATURES WE SAW ON THE SURFACE!
THE UPPER WALL IS ABSOLUTELY RIDDLED WITH THEIR HOLES.
IT COULD BE THE ANSWER WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
HOW? YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING THAT WE MINIATURISE OURSELVES AND CRAWL OUT THROUGH ONE, DOCTOR?

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, SARAH-JANE, IS THAT YOU ALWAYS JUMP TO THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSION. LET'S HOPE OUR JAILERS DO, TOO!

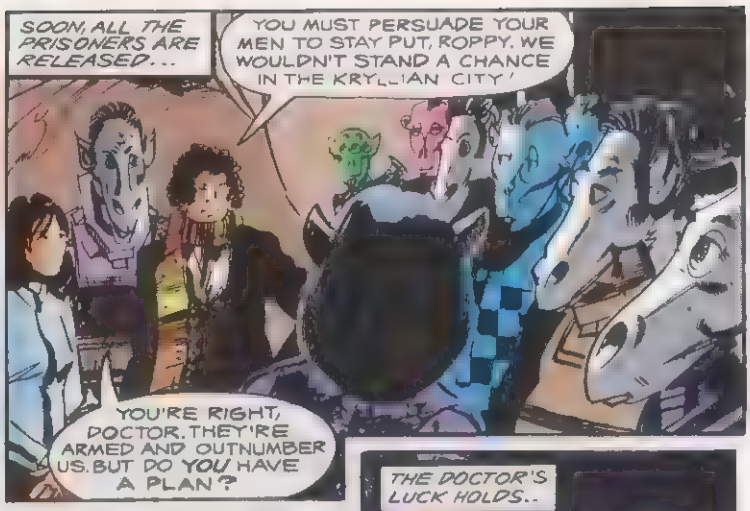

AND, SOME TIME LATER, WHEN FOOD IS BROUGHT TO THE CELL...
THEY'VE ESCAPED!
IMPOSSIBLE.

I KNOW THE DOCTOR TOLD ME TO STAY OUT OF THE WAY, BUT I'M SURE HE HASN'T SPOTTED THAT BRUTE RECOVERING BEHIND HIM!

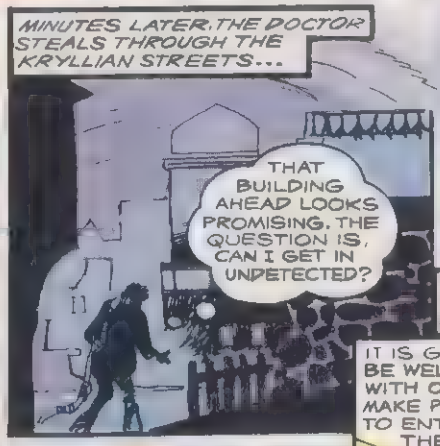
THEN...
TALLY-HO!
HY!
OOF!
UGH!

AND SO...
UH!
TAKE THAT, YOU BIG BULLY!

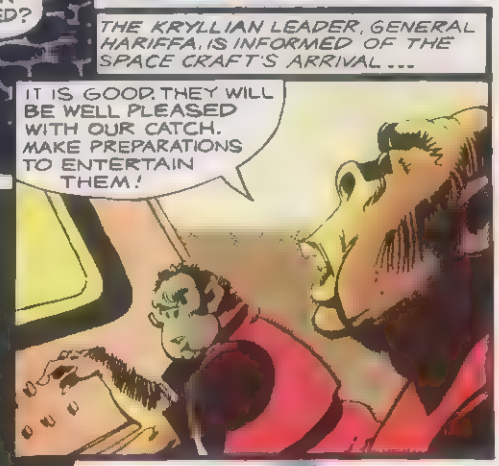
AND THEN, BY WAY OF AN AFTERTHOUGHT...
TRY THAT FOR SIZE!
AAGH!
VERY NEAT, SARAH-JANE!

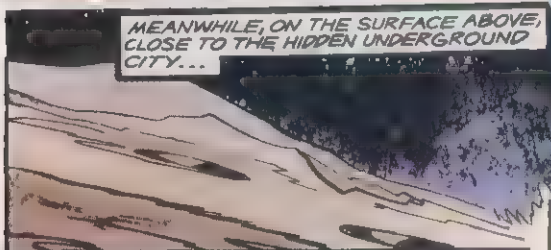

SOON, ALL THE PRISONERS ARE RELEASED...
YOU MUST PERSUADE YOUR MEN TO STAY PUT, ROPPY. WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IN THE KRYLLIAN CITY!
YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR. THEY'RE ARMED AND OUTNUMBER US. BUT DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?

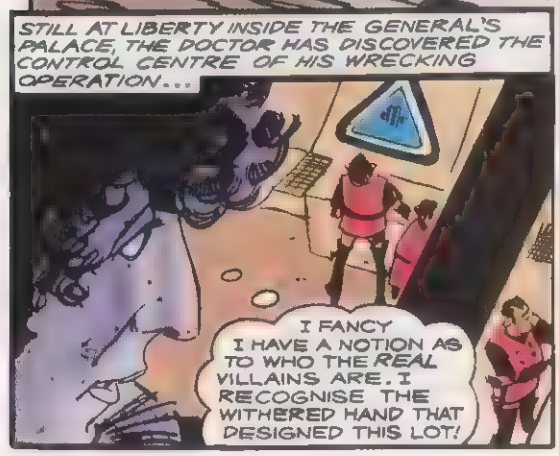
YOU KNOW THE KRYLLIANS SELL THE PRISONERS AS SLAVES. THAT MEANS A SPACE SHIP IS IMMINENT. SOMEONE HAS TO GO INTO THE CITY ALONE.
NO GUESSES FOR WHO GETS THAT JOB!

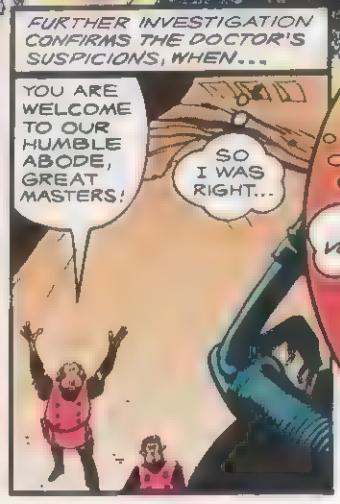

MINUTES LATER, THE DOCTOR STEALS THROUGH THE KRYLLIAN STREETS...
THAT BUILDING AHEAD LOOKS PROMISING. THE QUESTION IS, CAN I GET IN UNDETECTED?

THE DOCTOR'S LUCK HOLDS..
SO FAR, SO GOOD.


THE KRYLLIAN LEADER, GENERAL HARIFFA, IS INFORMED OF THE SPACE CRAFT'S ARRIVAL...
IT IS GOOD. THEY WILL BE WELL PLEASED WITH OUR CATCH. MAKE PREPARATIONS TO ENTERTAIN THEM!


MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE ABOVE, CLOSE TO THE HIDDEN UNDERGROUND CITY...


STILL AT LIBERTY INSIDE THE GENERAL'S PALACE, THE DOCTOR HAS DISCOVERED THE CONTROL CENTRE OF HIS WRECKING OPERATION...
I FANCY I HAVE A NOTION AS TO WHO THE REAL VILLAINS ARE. I RECOGNISE THE WITHERED HAND THAT DESIGNED THIS LOT!


FURTHER INVESTIGATION CONFIRMS THE DOCTOR'S SUSPICIONS, WHEN...
YOU ARE WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE ABODE, GREAT MASTERS!
SO I WAS RIGHT...

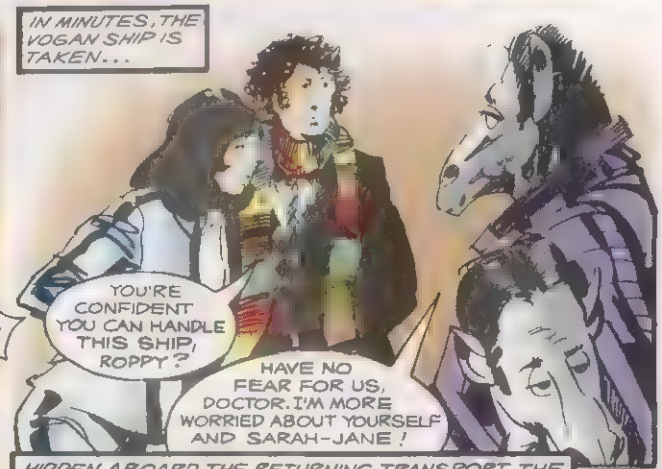
...IT'S THE VOGANS!

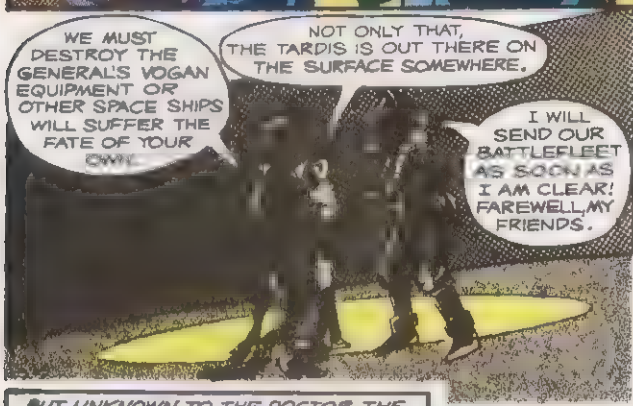
Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
THE Doctor has left the liberated prison area and ventured alone into the Kryllian city. Searching for an escape route that will not endanger the lives of his friends, he finds a way into General Hariffa's palace. Undetected he discovers the control centre which traps passing space ships, and the solution as to who supplies the primitive Kryllians. This is confirmed when the Doctor finds the General entertaining newly-arrived guests
I TRUST YOU HAVE RICH PICKINGS FOR US, GENERAL?
I HAVE INDEED, VOGAN MASTERS. MINERALS AND SLAVES IN ABUNDANCE!
FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, THE DOCTOR WATCHES AND LISTENS...
THAT IS GOOD. THE MINERALS WILL BE LOADED AT ONCE. THE SLAVES CAN COME LATER.
AS YOU COMMAND.
THE DOCTOR HURRIES ACROSS THE KRYLLIAN CITY TO WHERE HIS FRIENDS WAIT ANXIOUSLY IN THE PRISON AREA...
COME, FRIENDS, WE HAVE MUCH TO DO. WE HAVE CERTAIN PROBLEMS THAT MUST BE ANSWERED IF WE ARE TO KEEP OUR SKINS!
THE DOCTOR TELLS WHAT HE HAS DISCOVERED. RODDY TRANSLATES TO THE OTHERS...
THE ONLY WAY WE CAN TAKE THAT SHIP IS TO GET ABOARD AS IF WE ARE STILL UNDER KRYLLIAN CONTROL.
THAT MEANS THE GUARDS WILL HAVE TO CO-OPERATE, AND THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
PERHAPS NOT. THEY'RE PRETTY PRIMITIVE CREATURES. THEY SHOULD BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO SUGGESTION.
YOU MEAN HYPNOTISM?
FIND ME SOMEONE WHO SPEAKS THEIR TONGUE, RODDY. I NEED TO GET BUSY RIGHT AWAY!
VERY WELL, DOCTOR.
SOON...
YOU WILL OBEY ME. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I WILL OBEY YOU.
THAT'S THE LAST ONE... I WONDER HOW THE VOGANS WILL EXPECT DELIVERY?
TELL HIM TO PREPARE THE PRISONERS FOR DISPATCH AS THE GENERAL WOULD EXPECT.
BEFORE LONG A MESSENGER ARRIVES FROM THE GENERAL'S PALACE WITH ORDERS...
THE GENERAL WANTS THE PRISONERS DELIVERED TO THE VOGAN SPACE SHIP!
IT WILL BE DONE!
LET'S HOPE THE GENERAL'S MESSENGER DOESN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING.

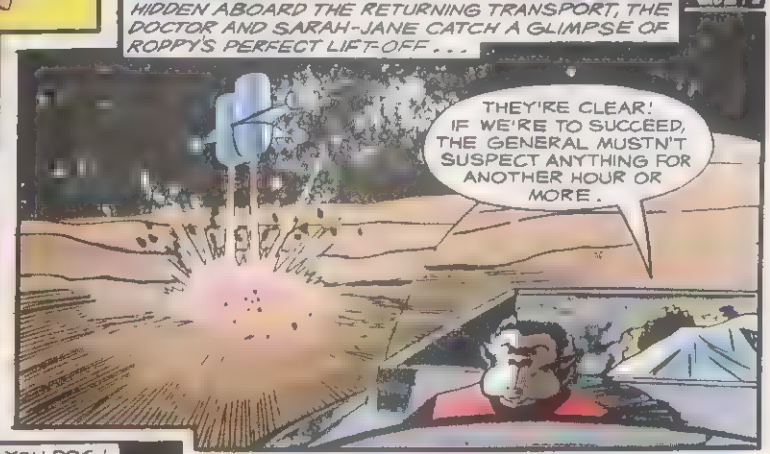
AND BEFORE LONG..
IT SEEMS TO BE WORKING.
PLEASE DON'T LET SOME NOSY KRYLLIAN CHECK THESE CHAINS!

IT IS SOME TIME LATER THAT THE PRISONERS ARE TRANSPORTED TO THE WAITING VOGAN SHIP...
IMMEDIATELY WE'RE INSIDE THE SHIP WE MUST MOVE. IF THE VOGANS ARE ALLOWED TIME TO FIGHT BACK, WE RE LOST!
DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR. WE ARE READY!

SPACEMASTER ROPPY IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD, FOR...
WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED
DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
AAGH!

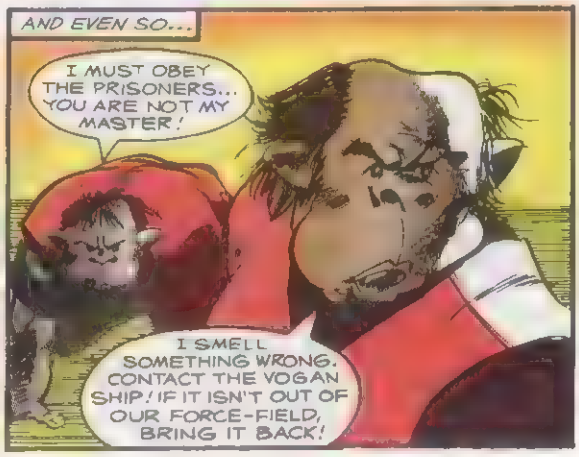

IN MINUTES, THE VOGAN SHIP IS TAKEN...
YOU'RE CONFIDENT YOU CAN HANDLE THIS SHIP, ROPPY?
HAVE NO FEAR FOR US, DOCTOR. I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT YOURSELF AND SARAH-JANE!


WE MUST DESTROY THE GENERAL'S VOGAN EQUIPMENT OR OTHER SPACE SHIPS WILL SUFFER THE FATE OF YOUR OWN.
NOT ONLY THAT, THE TARDIS IS OUT THERE ON THE SURFACE SOMEWHERE.
I WILL SEND OUR BATTLEFLEET AS SOON AS I AM CLEAR! FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS.


HIDDEN ABOARD THE RETURNING TRANSPORT, THE DOCTOR AND SARAH-JANE CATCH A GLIMPSE OF ROPPY'S PERFECT LIFT-OFF...
THEY'RE CLEAR! IF WE'RE TO SUCCEED, THE GENERAL MUSTN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR MORE.

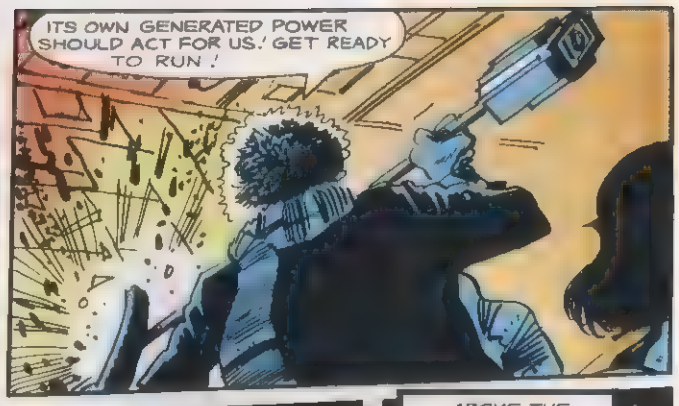
BUT UNKNOWN TO THE DOCTOR, THE STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF ONE OF THE PRISON PERSONNEL HAS ALREADY BEEN REPORTED TO THE GENERAL...
I MUST OBEY THE PRISONERS... YOU ARE NOT MY MASTER...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE FOOL? I'LL SHAKE HIM FROM HIS MADNESS!

SILENCE YOU DOG! I AM YOUR MASTER!
AAGH!

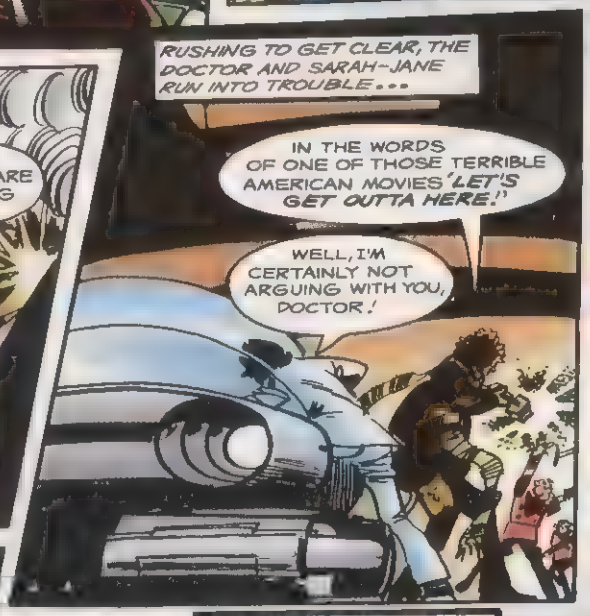

AND EVEN SO...
I MUST OBEY THE PRISONERS... YOU ARE NOT MY MASTER!
I SMELL SOMETHING WRONG. CONTACT THE VOGAN SHIP! IF IT ISN'T OUT OF OUR FORCE-FIELD, BRING IT BACK!

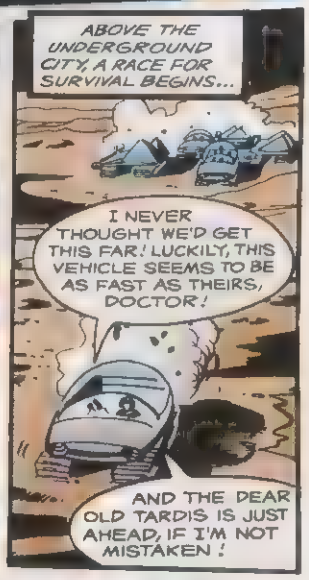
Dr WHO
in 'The Wreckers!'
AFTER Spacemaster Roppy blasts off with the freed prisoners in the Vogan space ship, the Doctor and Sarah Jane return to the Kryllian city in an attempt to sabotage the force-field equipment that menaces the space around the Kryllian planet. As yet the Doctor does not know that General Hariffa has discovered one of the hypnotised jailers. Hariffa suspects the worst, and
THE VOGAN SHIP DOES NOT RESPOND, GENERAL!
SO, MY FEARS ARE FOUNDED. WHAT RANGE IS THE SHIP?
TWO-POINT-ONE-FIVE DELIGARS, AND STILL ACCELERATING.
BUT JUST WITHIN OUR RANGE. BRING THEM BACK!
OUT ON THE SURFACE, A LARGE, HIDDEN DOOR OPENS...
AND IN SPACE, THE ESCAPING SHIP IS BOMBARDED BY THE INVISIBLE, MAGNETIC FORCE-FIELD...
WE'RE LOSING SPEED, SPACEMASTER!
THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING, THE KRYLLIANS ARE ON TO US. APPLY MAXIMUM BOOST!
A DESPERATE GAME OF CAT-AND-MOUSE DEVELOPS...
NO GOOD, SIR. WE'RE STILL LOSING SPEED!
IN THAT CASE, OUR ONLY HOPE IS THE DOCTOR AND SARAH-JANE!
SUCCESSFULLY AVOIDING THE GENERAL'S PATROLS, THE DOCTOR AND SARAH-JANE FIND THEIR WAY TO THE FORCE-FIELD CONTROL CENTRE...
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT?
I SHOULD IMAGINE THE GENERAL MUST HAVE FOUND ONE OF OUR MESMERISED JAILERS!
AND THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP THE VOGAN SHIP?
IT WOULD SEEM SO. COME ON. WE NEED TO FIND THE POWER PLANT, AND FAST!
THE DOCTOR'S EARS DIRECT HIM TO THE PULSATING POWER SOURCE OF THE KRYLLIAN FORCE-FIELD. THEN...
OOF!
THANK GOODNESS THEY SEEM TO BE JUST AS VULNERABLE FROM BEHIND AS ANY HUMAN.

ONCE INSIDE...
IF YOU HAVE NO EXPLOSIVES, HOW CAN YOU TACKLE IT?
FORTUNATELY FOR US, MY GIRL, IT'S WORKING AT FULL BLAST. IF I CAN FIND THE RIGHT POINT... AH, YES...


ITS OWN GENERATED POWER SHOULD ACT FOR US! GET READY TO RUN!

AND IN THE KRYLLIAN CONTROL CENTRE...
WHAT THE...?
THE PANELS ARE CATCHING FIRE!


RUSHING TO GET CLEAR, THE DOCTOR AND SARAH-JANE RUN INTO TROUBLE...
IN THE WORDS OF ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE AMERICAN MOVIES 'LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!'
WELL, I'M CERTAINLY NOT ARGUING WITH YOU, DOCTOR!


ABOVE THE UNDERGROUND CITY, A RACE FOR SURVIVAL BEGINS...
I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET THIS FAR! LUCKILY, THIS VEHICLE SEEMS TO BE AS FAST AS THEIRS, DOCTOR!
AND THE DEAR OLD TARDIS IS JUST AHEAD, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN!

SOON...
NO TIME TO WASTE! SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK THE GENERAL WILL BE ALL THAT PLEASED WITH OUR HANDIWORK!

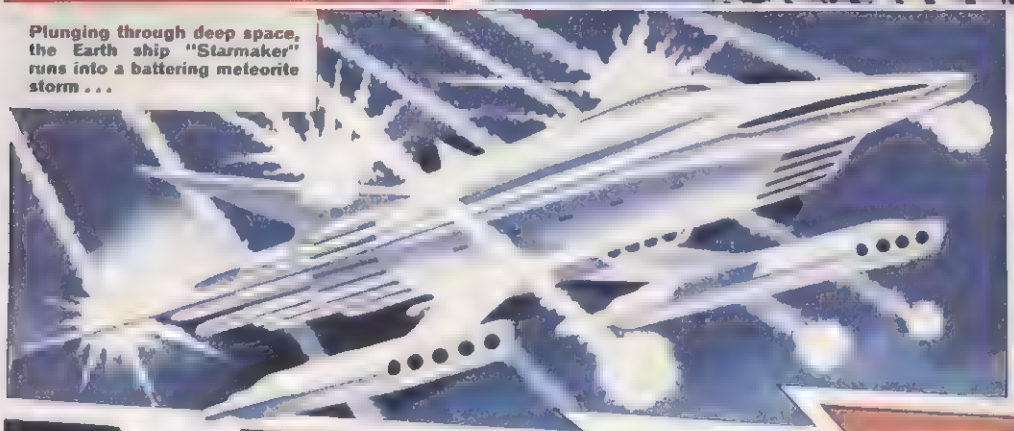
AND BY THE TIME GENERAL HARIFFA ENCIRCLES HIS QUARRY...
TAKE THEM ALIVE... HUH?
IT'S DISAPPEARING!

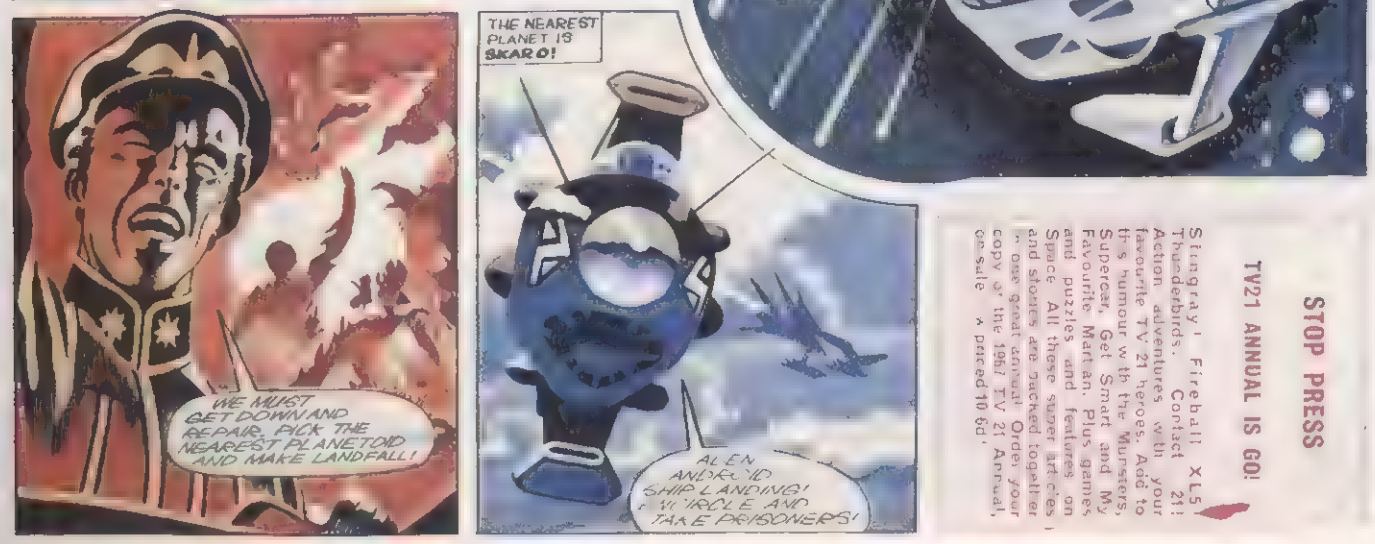
SOMEWHERE OUT IN SPACE...
THAT'S AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT!
THE EQUINAN BATTLE FLEET ON ITS WAY TO DEAL WITH THE KRYLLIANS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

WITHIN THE TARDIS...
NOW, YOUNG LADY, I THINK IT'S TIME YOU AND I RETURNED TO EARTH—FOR SOME PEACE AND QUIET!

THE DALEKS

Plunging through deep space, the Earth ship "Starmaker" runs into a battering meteorite storm . . .





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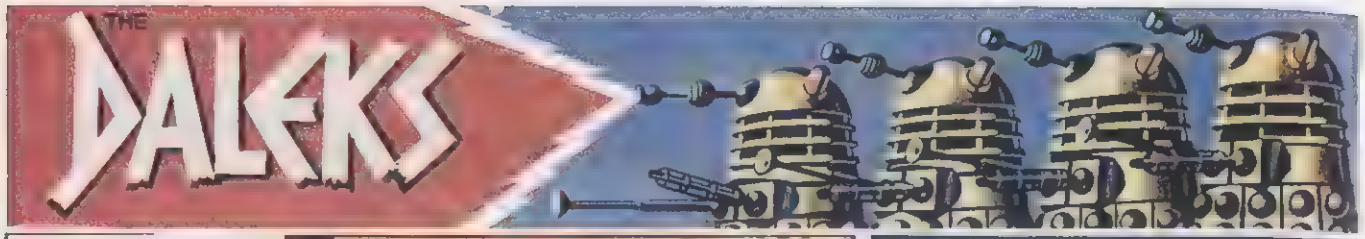
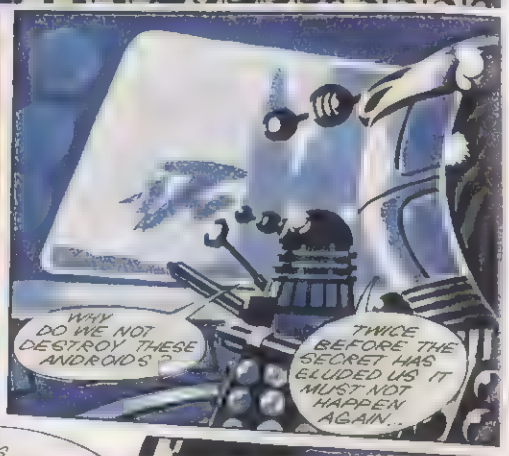
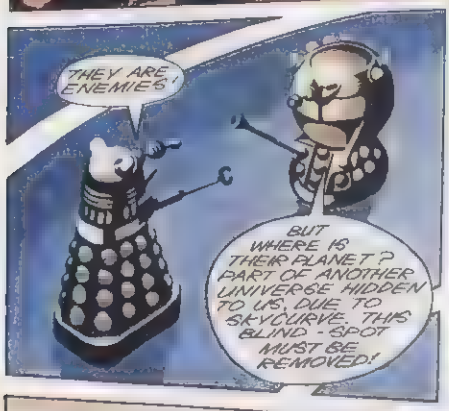
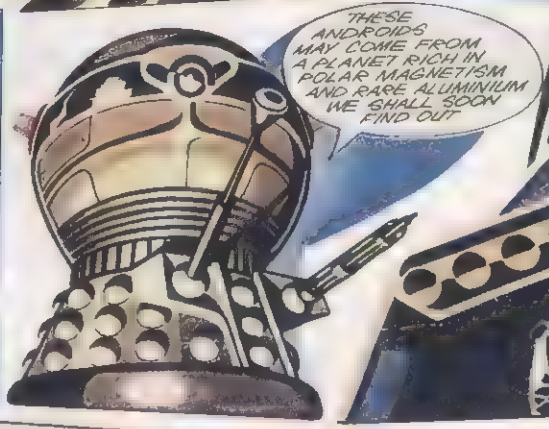
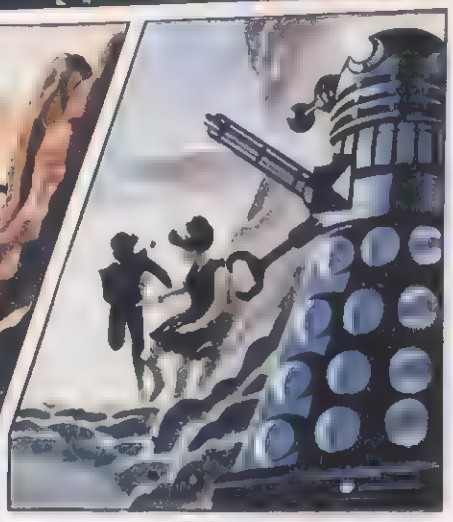
Stingray! Fireball XL5! Thunderbirds. Contact 21! Action adventures with your favourite TV 21 heroes. Add to this humour with the Munsters, Supercar, Get Smart and My Favourite Martian. Plus games and puzzles and features on Space. All these super articles and stories are packed together in one great annual! Order your copy of the 1967 TV 21 Annual, on sale 4 pread 10/6d.

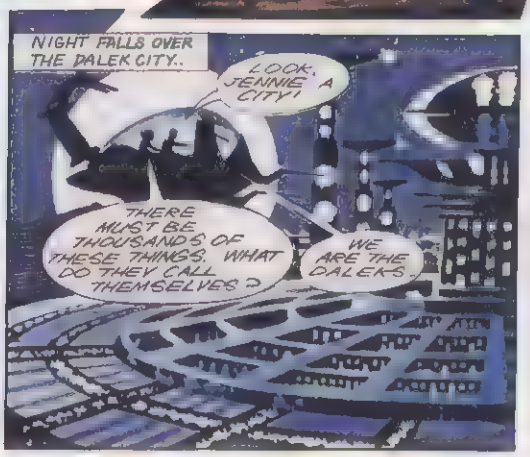












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International Rescue fans alert!

Follow the fantastic adventures of the Tracy Brothers and Thunderbird Craft in the new Thunderbirds Annual on sale now! Filled with adventure stories, plans of the launching procedure for the Thunderbird craft, plus puzzles and games this great annual is a must for all Thunderbirds fans. Order your copy now! Price only 10 6d.

"Starmaker"—a passenger rocket—has crash landed on Skaro . . . and the Daleks have taken two prisoners . . .

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE BUILDINGS, JENNIE!

FIRST CHANCE WE GET, MAKE A RUN FOR IT

I'LL WATCH FOR YOUR SIGNAL.

THE PRISONERS WILL OBEY ALL ORDERS. DESCEND!

HORRIBLE THINGS...

JUST PRETEND WE DON'T CARE!

SILENCE!

MEANWHILE

FIRST WE MUST SECURE THE SHIP AGAINST ATTACK. PLAN H, NUMBER 1.

YES, SIR

BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR CHILDREN?

I'M ORDERING OUT A SEARCH PARTY IMMEDIATELY. WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN.

THE FORCE FIELD IS READY, CAPTAIN.

I'M LEAVING YOU IN CHARGE. I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR THE CHILDREN...I JUST HOPE THEY'RE ALIVE!

NOW, JENNIE!

EXTERMINATE THEM!

STOP PRESS

STINGRAY ANNUAL A MUST!

Explode into action with the W.A.S.P. vessel Stingray and its famous crew. Packed tight with features, stories and articles on the W.A.S.P., Marineville and the Stingray crew, this annual is a must for all TV 21 fans. It's in the shops NOW! And costs just 10 6d

THE WEB OF FEAR

EPISODE 3

by
Mervyn Haisman
and Henry Lincoln

directed by
Douglas Camfield

transmitted
17th February 1968

Caught in the path of the rapidly advancing 'fungus' Jamie and Evans panic. Through the eerie glare the two men discern the huge figure of a Yeti carrying a control pyramid. Evans succeeds in shooting the glass structure – but to their dismay its destruction has no effect.

Elsewhere in the tunnels the Doctor is hiding with the soldier who had earlier been stalking Victoria. On recognising the nervous girl's voice calling out, the Doctor emerges from the shadows to greet his companion.

Victoria relays her belief that the Professor thinks the Doctor is connected with the Yeti's reappearance. After enquiring about Travers and his daughter, the soldier takes them to the Goodge Street fortress.

Anne Travers reports to Captain Knight that the whole of the Circle Line has fallen prey to the creeping fungus. The beleaguered humans are now completely hemmed in. "Not very healthy is it?" quips the Captain.

Knight is informed of the arrival of Victoria, the Doctor and a Colonel – all of whom are under guard in the common room. As he leaves to question them Weams asks Arnold if he knows what's going on. Both are left mystified.

The Doctor explains his recent absence to a concerned Victoria by telling her that he was knocked out by the contained explosion from the crates. Seeing the Yeti confirmed his suspicions about the presence of the Great Intelligence . . .

He is less able to answer Victoria's questions about the origins of the mysterious Colonel. He explains that he was making his way back to meet her when the soldier appeared from nowhere.

Corporal Blake stands guard in the common room, gun held cautiously aloft. As Knight enters, the Colonel introduces himself as Lethbridge-Stewart. He tells the Captain that he is taking over Pemberton's position as commanding officer.

Lethbridge-Stewart responds to Knight's understandable suspicions by producing a set of authorising papers. He tells Knight that he is the sole survivor of the party ambushed at Holborn, and seems surprised to learn that Driver Evans also escaped.

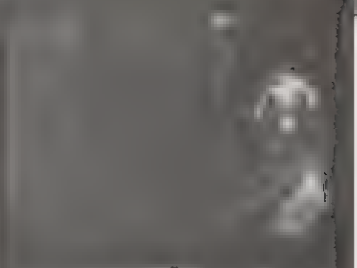
He explains he discovered the Doctor while wandering in the tunnels. Happy that the Professor has already vouched for the stranger, Knight agrees with Lethbridge-Stewart that he seems to know more about the Doctor than his new commanding officer.

The arrival of Professor Travers triggers a warm reunion with the Doctor. The Professor can scarcely be bothered to answer his new commanding officer's questions before he bundles the Doctor and Victoria off to his laboratory.

"It would seem," Lethbridge-Stewart notes sarcastically, "that the Professor's in charge here, Captain."
Knight is unrepentant: "He does have a job to do, sir. I think it's best to let him get on with it. Don't you?"

The Professor hotly denies he thought the Doctor was implicated with the Intelligence. Anne confirms that Victoria simply overheard idle chatter – although they agree the Doctor was brought to Earth. But why?

Wandering along the Central Line, Jamie and Evans reach St. Pauls after narrowly escaping the Yeti and their fungus. Despite Jamie's protestations that they haven't got time to stop, Evans extricates a bar of chocolate from a platform machine.

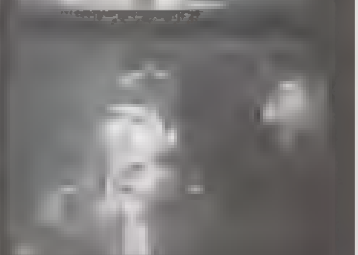


As Sergeant Arnold attempts to illustrate the extent of their predicament, Chorley desperately suggests viable escape routes on different underground lines – essentially by travelling under the fungus.

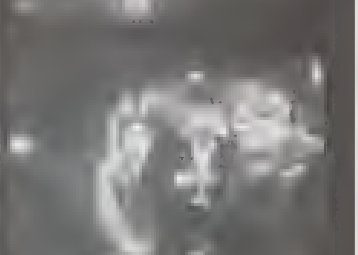
Arnold reminds him that two people have already died trying that. To their cost they've discovered the influence of the fungus spreads through the earth.

Chorley becomes increasingly agitated, protesting that the world must get to hear his reports of the struggle. When Arnold mentions a route to the surface Chorley, clutching at straws, rushes off to attempt his getaway.

"He's a nutter!" scoffs Weams after Chorley's departure. "You're telling me," agrees Sergeant Arnold, lamenting that the cowardly journalist can't even remember his rank.



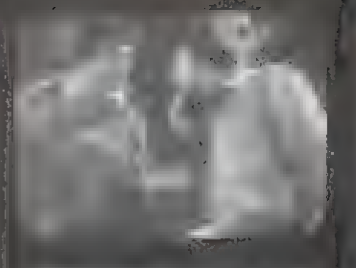
The Professor concedes that his own curiosity was responsible for the return of the Intelligence. On leaving Tibet he brought with him various relics, including broken Yeti and pieces of control spheres.



To the Doctor's dismay, Travers tells him that one of the control spheres was intact. After years of fruitless experimentation the sphere suddenly vanished. Coupled with a fully functioning Yeti this gave the Intelligence the means to return.

Captain Knight interrupts their conversation to inform them that Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart is holding a briefing. "We're not in the army yet, Captain," responds Anne before they herd into the common room.

Evans and Jamie are continuing their journey along the Central Line when the Welshman announces his intention to get out at the next station – Chancery Lane



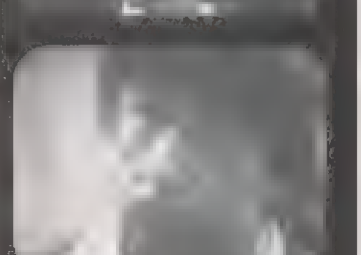
Jamie is incredulous that the soldier really intends to desert his comrades. "All you want to do is save your own skin," he tells him.
"It's the only one I've got!" Evans cheerfully responds.

As the soldier resolutely marches ahead he calls back to a hesitant Jamie. "You've got to take care of number one in this world!"

Captain Knight and Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart's briefing takes the form of a slide show. The Doctor asks if the illustrated fog is poisonous. Knight replies that it just seems to swallow people up forever.

Despite interruptions from Lethbridge-Stewart, Knight continues with the story of the invasion by showing a slide of a Yeti. The Doctor notes that the monsters have changed in appearance since he and Travers first encountered them.

The Doctor's queries about the effectiveness of the fog-combating tactics is met with a negative response. Lethbridge-Stewart tells the Doctor they are desperate for answers. "If you fail, London's finished – England itself, perhaps."



Anne says that she and her father are attempting to jam transmissions to the Yeti. Knight points out that their major problem is one of communication – the fog absorbs radio waves and cables are always destroyed by the Yeti.

Chorley bursts in and suggests they are air-lifted from the surface by helicopter. "And how do you imagine they would find us in that mist?" enquires the Colonel sarcastically. After a brief confrontation Chorley storms out, indignant.

Chorley asks Weams for advice while plotting his one-man evacuation. Looking for a tall building above mist-level he asks Weams to point out the location of the Post Office Tower. As he does so the soldier realises with horror that the fungus is again advancing.

Jamie becomes aware of footsteps behind him and takes cover in an alcove. As the footsteps get nearer he jumps from the shadows, prepared to attack his potential assailant.

His 'assailant' turns out to be Driver Evans, who initially claims to have had a change of heart about deserting his mates. The truth eventually emerges – the station gates were locked, preventing his escape to the surface. They continue their journey.

Lethbridge-Stewart observes that Queensway, Lancaster Gate, Strand and Chancery Lane have fallen in the last half-hour. The fungus is consuming the Central and Northern Lines and the Professor hypothesises they have a few hours left at the most.

In an attempt to occupy the increasingly agitated Chorley, Lethbridge-Stewart imposes on him the duties of official 'Liaison Officer'. Corporal Blake is assigned to provide their new 'co-ordinator' with everything he requires.

Lethbridge-Stewart asks the Doctor for suggestions. He recommends winning more time by sealing the tunnels around them with time-triggered explosives. Knight sends Arnold to procure a baggage trolley on which the explosives can be mounted.

The Doctor explains his plan to trigger an explosion while the trolley is moving, thereby getting round the problem of the Yeti sabotaging the detonation cable. While Lethbridge-Stewart leaves to look around, the Doctor and Travers get to work.

Meanwhile, an unseen saboteur surreptitiously unlocks the clamps on the door leading to the tunnels outside . . .

Noticing the effect the Professor's Yeti models have had on her, Anne asks Victoria if she's seen them before. She replies that in Tibet, the Intelligence used them to guide the robot Yeti.

The Doctor arrives, and immediately recognises the models. Picking one up he is relieved to hear it doesn't work . . .

. . . but is nevertheless concerned to discover that one of the remaining three has gone missing.

Elsewhere, the unseen saboteur places a padlock and the missing Yeti model on the floor.

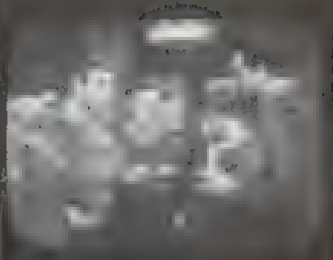
It soon begins emitting a familiar rhythmic bleeping sound.

In the tunnels a Yeti suddenly springs to life. The giant emits a high-pitched rhythmic bleeping – as if in response . . .

Travers delivers the timing and detonation device to the Doctor, much to Victoria's dismay. The girl fears the explosion will leave Jamie stranded. "Don't you see? He'll be trapped!"

Meanwhile, the Yeti is still responding to the model's homing signal and enters the fortress's open door.

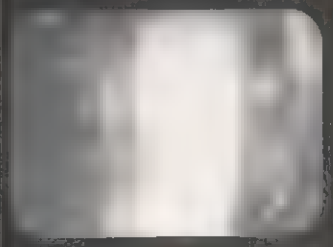
The Doctor explains to Captain Knight that, once primed, the explosives will detonate in sixty seconds. Anything attempting to obstruct the trolley's path will instantly detonate the explosives. Arnold informs them that the main door has been found open.



Corporal Blake then reports discovering the padlock from the explosives store – with the Yeti model lying beside it. He didn't look inside the store, but left Lane on guard.

The Doctor hurriedly spearheads an investigation of the explosives store. "Do you think there is something in there?" enquires Knight. "There's only one way of finding out," the Doctor grimly replies.

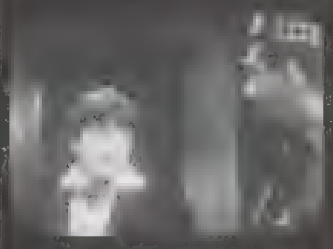
He tentatively swings the door open to reveal a room full of pulsating, seething fungus. As he slams the door shut realisation dawns that a valuable line of defence has been denied.



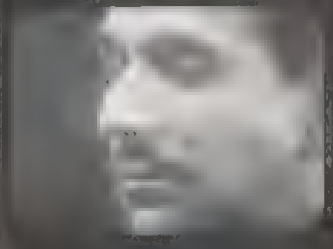
The Professor and his daughter try to reassure the tearful Victoria that Jamie will be all right. "With Anne's technical knowledge and the Doctor and I, the Intelligence won't stand a chance."

The Doctor tries to persuade Lethbridge-Stewart that he'd be wasting his time attempting to retrieve the explosives at Holborn. The Colonel nevertheless sends Captain Knight and a squad of men ahead, while he and Arnold prepare to follow them.

The Doctor isn't reassured by Lethbridge-Stewart's suggestion that four men will remain. "Someone here is in league with the Yeti – maybe even controlling them."



The Colonel seems sceptical. "Me perhaps? Or maybe even you."



When Victoria tells him how they arrived in Covent Garden, Chorley is hopeful about the opportunity the TARDIS presents for escape. On hearing of the tunnel's imminent destruction he flees, locking Victoria and the newly-arrived Doctor in the room.

Passing the escaping Chorley, Jamie and Evans hear the Doctor and Victoria hammering on the door. Jamie bursts in, liberating his grateful friends.

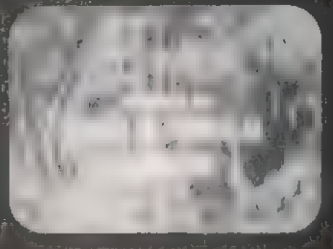
Hearing a scream, the Professor asks Anne to stay behind while he investigates. The Professor is horrified to discover the body of Wearns.

"Good Lord!" the Professor exclaims, discovering the missing Yeti model next to the corpse.

Alerted to a sound behind him, Travers turns around. Screaming in terror he draws back as the huge form of a Yeti strikes out ..

Doctor Who Magazine Issue 212, on sale 14th April, premieres over sixty previously unpublished photographs from the missing fourth episode of this classic Season Five serial.

Episode 4 sees the TARDIS in peril, the Yeti taking the battle to the streets of Covent Garden Market and the horrific transformation of Professor Travers . . .



Compiled by Marcus Hearn

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GREAT NEW FILM BOOK ON SALE.

Capture the excitement and adventure from the fabulous "Thunderbirds Are Go" film in one book which is now on sale. Exploding into action with over 150 thrilling photographs from the film, the book tells the unique story of man's first journey to Mars. It's out now and on sale at all leading bookshops. It costs just 3 6d!

THE DALEKS

Passengers from a space-ship forced to land on Skaro, Jennie and Tom are safe from the Daleks —for the moment . . . But now the Daleks capture Captain Fleet . . .

HE MUST HAVE COME TO RESCUE US ALL RIGHT! WE'LL RESCUE HIM

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE YOU KIDNAPPED?

SILENCE

FLEET IS CONDUCTED THROUGH ONE OF THE DALEK WEAPON SHOPS...

IF THESE DALEKS DESCENDED ON EARTH, WE'D BE IN BIG TROUBLE

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

TRY AND DRAW THE DALEKS AWAY

THE RUSE WORKS

YOU ARE ORDERED NOT TO MOVE

TOM! JENNIE! WELL DONE! COME ON NOW NO PRIZES FOR WHO CAN RUN FASTEST!

WE'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH IT OR THE DALEKS WILL DESTROY US!

THE DOOR'S CLOSING ON US

NEWSFLASH

BREAKDOWN ON THE THUNDERBIRD CRAFT!

A complete specification of all the Thunderbirds craft has at last been released to the press. Now you can find out exactly how the International Rescue machines work. All these details and many more thrilling stories and adventures with the Tracy family can be found in one super annual. Get your copy of the THUNDERBIRD ANNUAL today! It's only 10 6d

THE DALEKS

Jennie, Tom and Captain Fleet escape from the Daleks after their space liner makes a forced landing on Skaro. But they are surrounded by the enemy . . .

PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

COME ON, YOU TWO. LET'S KEEP MOVING!

14 MINUTES, THE SEARCH IS ON

NO SIGN OF ANDROIDS IN SECTORS SOUTH, WEST OF AREAS ONE TO SIX.

EVERY BUILDING MUST BE SEARCHED

EVEN THE HYDROPONIC FORCE HOUSES ARE CHECKED

I THINK WE'RE SAFE HERE FOR A BREATHER, ANYWAY

WHY HERE?

IS HE MADE OF REAL GOLD?

BECAUSE I BELIEVE WE'RE IN THE CHAMBER OF THE DALEK CHIEF.

SSH!

THE SEARCH GOES ON, EMPEROR.

WE NEED PRISONERS URGENTLY!

I OBEY

THE ANDROIDS HAVE SET UP FORCE FIELDS IN A SQUARE AROUND AND ABOVE THEIR SPACE SHIP. ORDER DALEXCAVATORS TO ATTACK IMMEDIATELY.

THEY CAN BEAT OUR FORCE FIELD BY TUNNELLING! WE'VE GOT TO WARN THE SHIP IN TIME!

BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THE DALEK CITY?

STOP PRESS

FANTASTIC PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FILM "THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO."

150 superb photographs telling the complete story of the new Gerry Anderson feature film, plus behind-the-scenes shots, all in one great book! Capture the adventure and excitement of man's first trip to Mars with the "Thunderbirds Are Go" film-book. It's in the shops now . . . only 3 6d!

THE DALEKS

A crash-landed space ship on Skaro is unaware of impending Dalek attack. Captain Fleet and two young passengers are trying to escape their captors and give warning . . .

NO SIGN OF ENEMIES, SIR

NOR CAPTAIN FLEET

MEANWHILE...

THERE'S AN ENTRANCE OVER THERE

HEY! CAPTAIN... ISN'T THIS THE DALEK COMMUNICATIONS ROOM?

YOU'RE RIGHT, TOM

THEN WE CAN WARN THE SHIP, IF ONLY WE CAN DIVERT THE DALEKS!

SOME TIME LATER...

WITHDRAW FROM COMMUNICATIONS CHAMBER IMMEDIATELY. FIRE...

EMERGENCY FIRE

THANK THE STARS FOR MATCHES!

WATCH THE DOOR, JENNIE. I'LL TRY TO RADIO THE SHIP.

PRESS EVERY BUTTON, TOM... CAPTAIN TO SHIP! ENEMY TUNNELLING TO ATTACK!

IT'S FLEET!

TO SHIP! ENEMY TUNNELLING TO ATTACK.

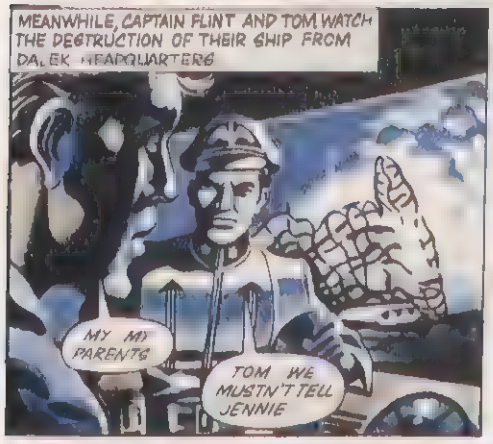
AND

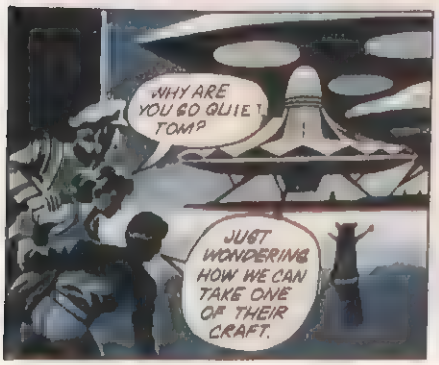
HEY! SOMETHING'S BURROWING OUT OF THE GROUND!

STOP PRESS

LATEST FROM ICE-CAP DANGER ZONE

POLAR ship Shackleton, today: No sign yet of help from International Rescue craft Thunderbird 4. Captain reports impossible to save personnel of Camp 21st Century unless replacement reactor carried as cargo gets through. Latest details as they reach us.





STAR PRESS

BERZNIK WARSHIP SIGHTED OFF SCOTTISH COAST

Reports coming into our Fleet Street offices state that an enemy warship, believed to be from Berezniik, has been spotted off the Scottish coast. Its position is given as 2 miles outside British territorial waters. The World Navy and W.A.S.P. have been notified but their course of action is being kept secret at the moment.

THE DALEKS
Survivors of a space ship brought down on Skaro, Captain Fleet, Jennie and Tom make their final escape bid . . .
HOW DO WE GET IN? THERE'S NO RAMP!
IF WE CAN'T STEAL THE DALEK SPACESHIP, WE'RE DONE FOR!
DON'T WORRY- WE'LL DO IT LIKE ACROBATS!
COME ON, JENNIE... PULL!
AN HOUR LATER.
IT ISN'T SO DIFFICULT.. I GUESS I CAN FLY THIS THING. COME ON, WE'RE GOING HOME!
SILENTLY, THE DALEK SPACESHIP LEAVES SKARO UNNOTICED..
BUT WHY DON'T THEY CHASE US, CAPTAIN?
THEY THINK THEY'RE SAFE, SO THEY DON'T HAVE GUARDS, TOM WE'VE GOT A HEADSTART.
NOW WE CAN WARN EARTH OF THE DANGER OF THE DALEKS!
ALL THE ANDROIDS ARE DEAD?
YES, EMPEROR ALL THAT REMAINS.
IS THIS!
.. THE BURNT PAPER TOLD US THE ANDROIDS COME FROM A PLANET IN THE NEXT UNIVERSE BUT ONE.. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN OUR BLIND SPOT..
CIRCLE ANDROMEDA- THEN N BY NS TO LANDFALL EARTH
A PLANET CALLED EARTH THE DALEKS WILL GO IN SEARCH AND WE SHALL CONQUER.
THE DANGER TO COME .
WE SHALL CONQUER EARTH!
STOP PRESS
GREAT FREE GIFT NEXT WEEK!
TV 21 readers remember! In next week's action-packed edition they'll find a fabulous FREE GIFT!
And More:- besides the adventures of your favourite stories—Thunderbirds, Stingray and Fireball, three brand new features begin! Order your copy today!

STRIPPED ASSETS: Alan Fennell

As *The Daleks* reaches its conclusion, we sent our own Kaled mutant, Alan Woollcombe, to track down the series' original editor Alan Fennell to explore this particular Dalek genesis.

"Why are you asking me all these questions about the Daleks?" The normally genial, moustached face of Alan Fennell was clouded with suspicion. Mind you, the legendary editor of *Thunderbirds, Stingray, Captain Scarlet* and (most notably) *TV Century 21*, had a point: this was supposed to be an interview about the resurrected Gerry Anderson creations. Mollified by my hasty explanation, the famous moustache growled an "I hope they're paying royalties" before breaking into a hearty laugh.

The exact details of how Fennell, the point-man for Gerry Anderson's invasion of comics in both the Sixties and the Nineties as well as a scripter for many of the television episodes, came to bag his greatest telly sci-fi rivals for *TV Century 21* are lost in the, er, mists of time. "It's difficult to remember now. I think it was suggested to me – I had associations with Terry Nation through sharing the same film-writing agent. Terry owned the Dalek element of *Doctor Who* and the approach came from him through the agent because they both thought it was a good idea."

The editor thought so too: not only were the Daleks at the height of their popularity, but they would add something different to *TV Century 21*'s mix of Anderson-related strips and "funnies". The good Doctor himself however was excluded from the deal "because of copyright reasons - I think *Doctor Who* was already running in *TV Comic*. We didn't want to use him anyway because it was the Daleks' story."

Fennell's involvement with the new strip went beyond the purely editorial. "I outlined probably the first two or three stories which were basically how it all began. There was a lot of input from my side because I wanted to do it in the first place. I spent a lot of time with David Whitaker the writer - he was a close friend of Terry's and worked on the *Doctor Who* scripts with Terry. I was always doing it after work in his mews flat and I was always late home!" Once the strip was up and running, however – "David then took over. All plots as always are put through the editor anyway for approval so there was probably some input but I can't remember what."

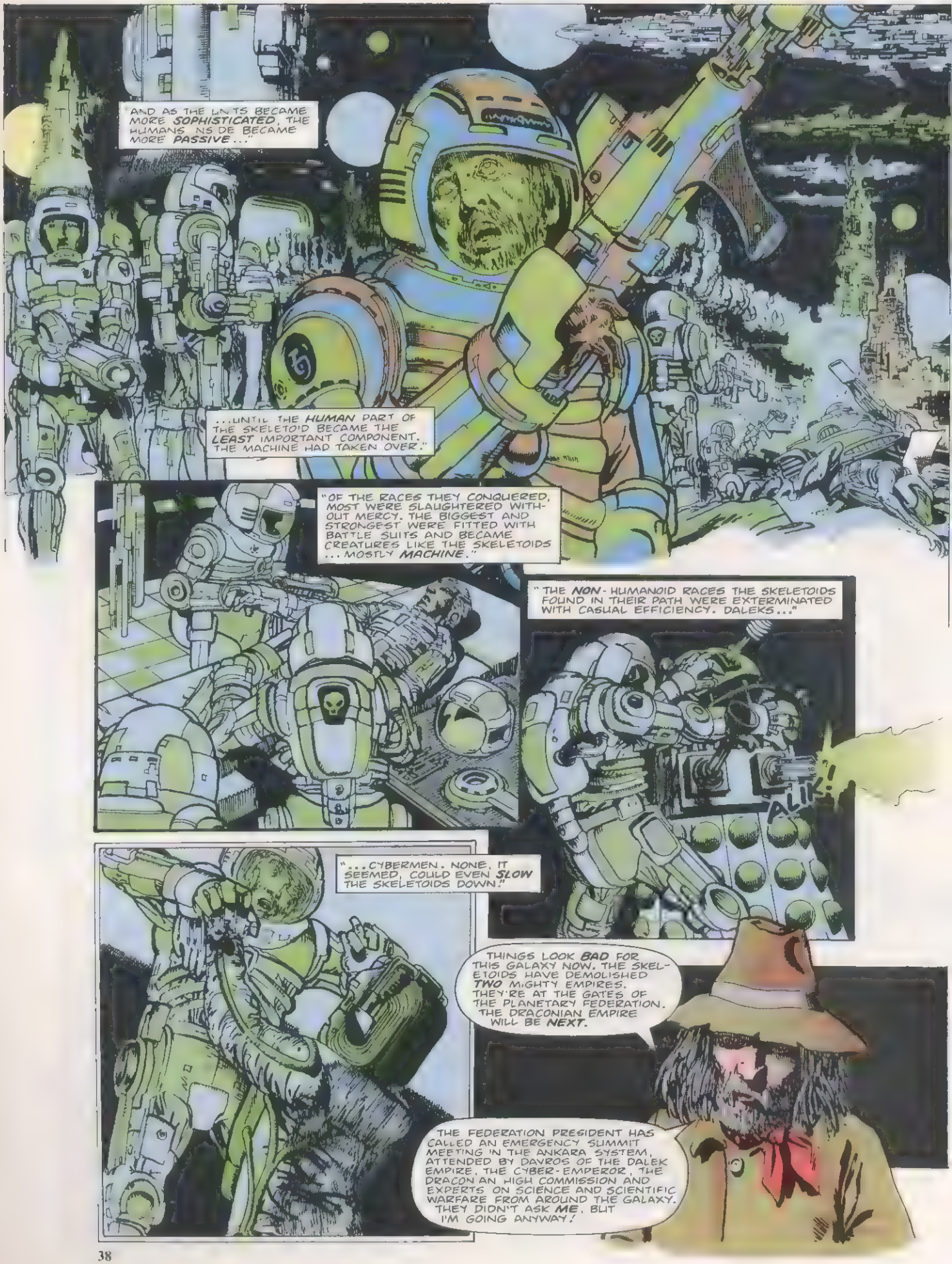
The strip was a success: popular with the readers, it ran in *TV Century 21* for the first 104 issues, only to be squeezed out to make way for another Anderson strip, *Zero-X*. Fennell is sure it was the right decision: "It had run its course. They had reached an end of anything more you could say about them, apart from conquering other forces and worlds. Like everything, it had a fashion and it went out of fashion a bit. But for its time it was a good strip."

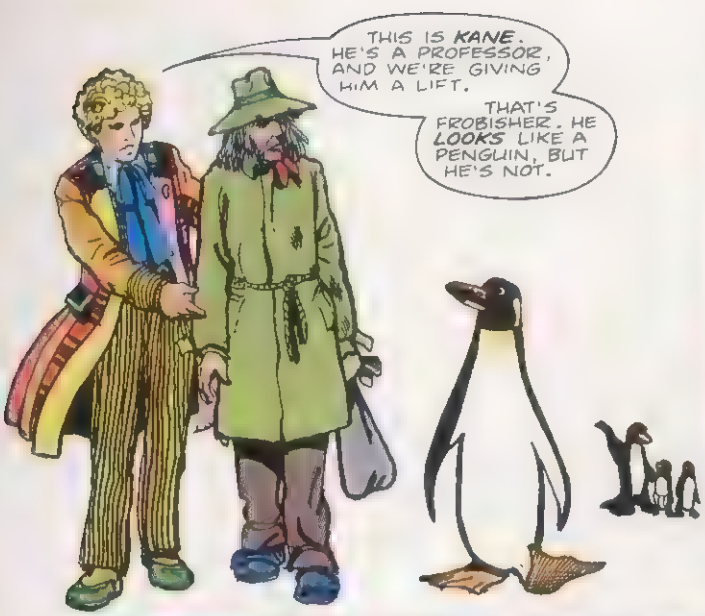
Kane's Story

PART ONE

Script: Max Stockbridge Art. John Ridgway Lettering. Annie Halfacree Logo: Starkings Editor: Cefn Ridout

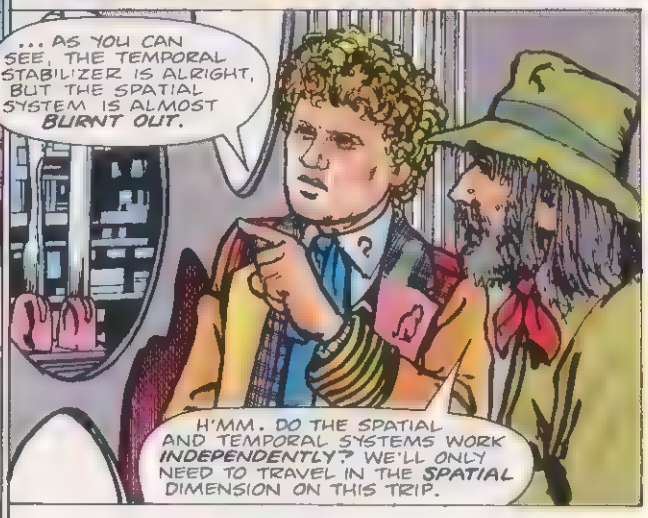
VID FO
SKELETOID FORCES RAIDED OUTPOSTS ON VEGA AND SIGMA IV, OVERWHELMING...
YUMMIES
REAL LIVE ONES
SOYA BURGERS
2·0 Ma.
THE REAL THING
STRAKE AND KRIDLY PIE WITH CHUNKS
ALL RIGHT IF I SIT HERE?
MPH, 'COURSE. PLEASE BE MY GUEST.
...MILITARY EXPERTS BELIEVE THE MAIN SKELETOID FORCE IS ONLY WEEKS FROM THE SOL SYSTEM...
DID HE SAY, "SOL SYSTEM"?
I BELIEVE HE DID. THE BROADCASTS HAVE BEEN FULL OF IT ALL WEEK.
SIGMA IV
I, ER, I'VE BEEN AWAY FOR A WHILE. I'VE HAD TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING HERE, WHEREVER "HERE" IS. SO, WHO, OR WHAT, ARE SKELETOIDS?
THEY'RE FROM THE VESPIN SYSTEM.
ONCE THEY WERE AS HUMAN AS YOU OR I — WELL, YOU ANYWAY — TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED... BUT WARLIKE.
THEN THEY INVENTED THE BATTLE SUIT...
"AND THERE WAS NO STOPPING THEM. THEY SWEPT THROUGH FIVE STAR SYSTEMS IN UNDER A YEAR, IMPROVING THEIR SUITS, MAKING THEM STRONGER, FASTER. THEY FITTED MORE AND MORE SOLID STATE CIRCUITRY UNTIL THE SUITS COULD ALMOST THINK FOR THEMSELVES."

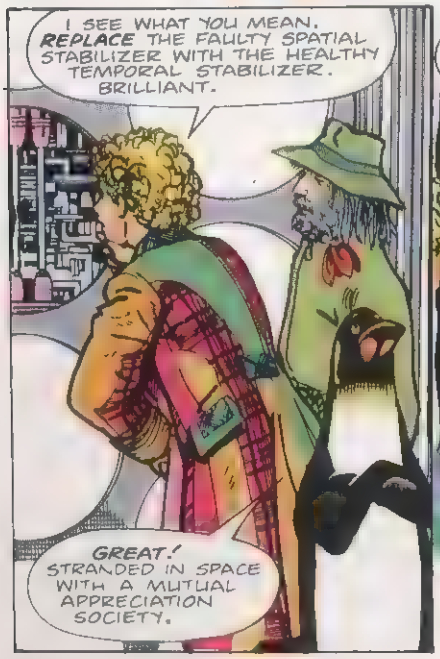

"AND AS THE UNITS BECAME MORE SOPHISTICATED, THE HUMANS INSIDE BECAME MORE PASSIVE..."
...UNTIL THE HUMAN PART OF THE SKELETOID BECAME THE LEAST IMPORTANT COMPONENT. THE MACHINE HAD TAKEN OVER."
"OF THE RACES THEY CONQUERED, MOST WERE SLAUGHTERED WITHOUT MERCY. THE BIGGEST AND STRONGEST WERE FITTED WITH BATTLE SUITS AND BECAME CREATURES LIKE THE SKELETOIDS ...MOSTLY MACHINE."
"THE NON-HUMANOID RACES THE SKELETOIDS FOUND IN THEIR PATH WERE EXTERMINATED WITH CASUAL EFFICIENCY. DALEKS..."
ALIK!
"...CYBERMEN. NONE, IT SEEMED, COULD EVEN SLOW THE SKELETOIDS DOWN."
THINGS LOOK BAD FOR THIS GALAXY NOW. THE SKELETOIDS HAVE DEMOLISHED TWO MIGHTY EMPIRES. THEY'RE AT THE GATES OF THE PLANETARY FEDERATION. THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE WILL BE NEXT.
THE FEDERATION PRESIDENT HAS CALLED AN EMERGENCY SUMMIT MEETING IN THE ANKARA SYSTEM, ATTENDED BY DAVROS OF THE DALEK EMPIRE, THE CYBER-EMPEROR, THE DRACONIAN HIGH COMMISSION AND EXPERTS ON SCIENCE AND SCIENTIFIC WARFARE FROM AROUND THE GALAXY. THEY DIDN'T ASK ME, BUT I'M GOING ANYWAY!


THIS IS KANE. HE'S A PROFESSOR, AND WE'RE GIVING HIM A LIFT.
THAT'S FROBISHER. HE LOOKS LIKE A PENGUIN, BUT HE'S NOT.

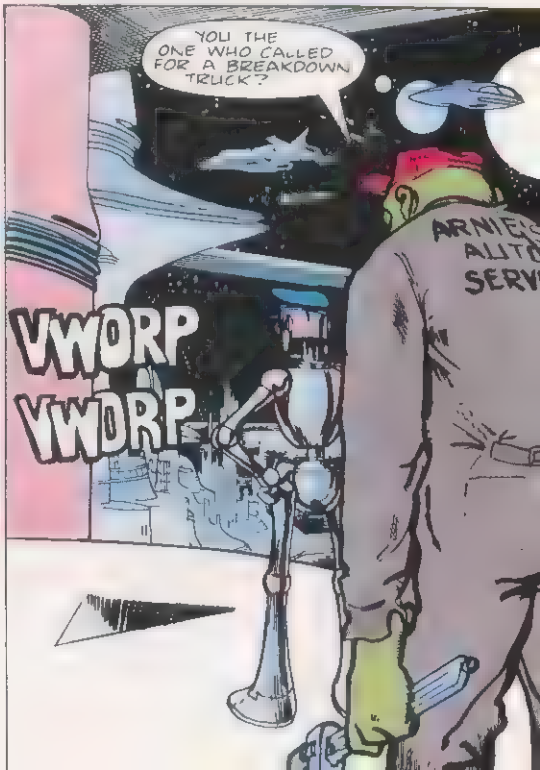
LET'S SEE IF THE PROFESSOR CAN HELP ME GET THE TARDIS UP ON ITS FEET.
TARDIS? A TIME MACHINE? I'D BE HONOURED, DOCTOR.

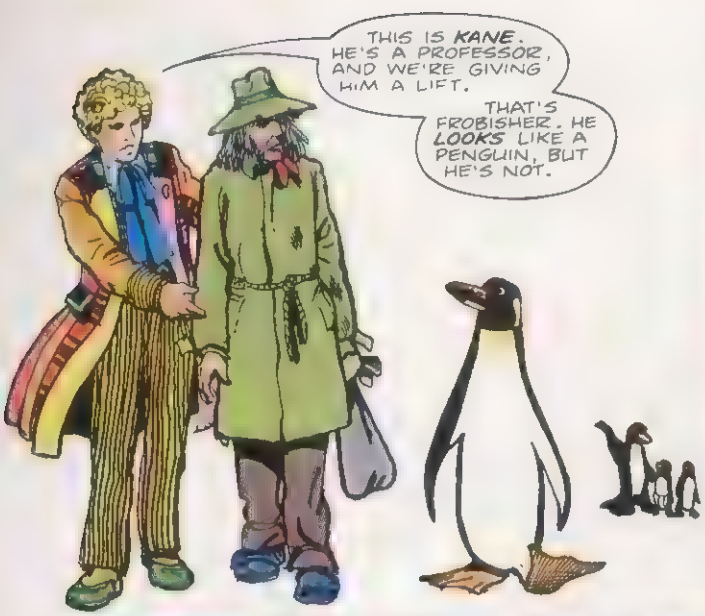
AH, OFFICER. AS YOU CAN SEE THE REPAIR MAN HAS ARRIVED. WE'LL HAVE THIS CRAFT OFF YOUR ROAD IN A JIFFY.
HE'LL NEVER BUY IT!
VERY WELL, SIR. I'LL LET YOU OFF WITH A CAUTION. JUST SEE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN.


... AS YOU CAN SEE, THE TEMPORAL STABILIZER IS ALRIGHT, BUT THE SPATIAL SYSTEM IS ALMOST BURNT OUT.
H'MM. DO THE SPATIAL AND TEMPORAL SYSTEMS WORK INDEPENDENTLY? WE'LL ONLY NEED TO TRAVEL IN THE SPATIAL DIMENSION ON THIS TRIP.


I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. REPLACE THE FAULTY SPATIAL STABILIZER WITH THE HEALTHY TEMPORAL STABILIZER. BRILLIANT.
GREAT! STRANDED IN SPACE WITH A MUTUAL APPRECIATION SOCIETY.

FROBISHER WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT BATH THOUGH. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A SOAK?
HE'LL SORT YOU OUT SOME CLEAN CLOTHES...
...WHILE I LAY IN A COURSE FOR NEW YORK IN THE GOOD OLD U.S. OF A.


YOU THE ONE WHO CALLED FOR A BREAKDOWN TRUCK?
VWORP
VWORP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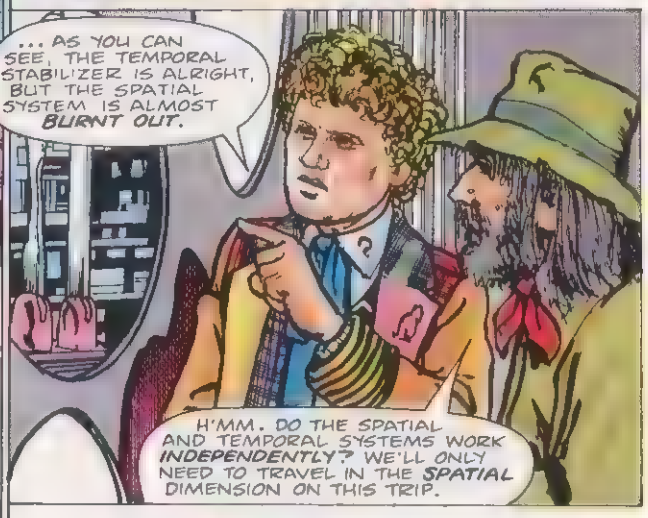
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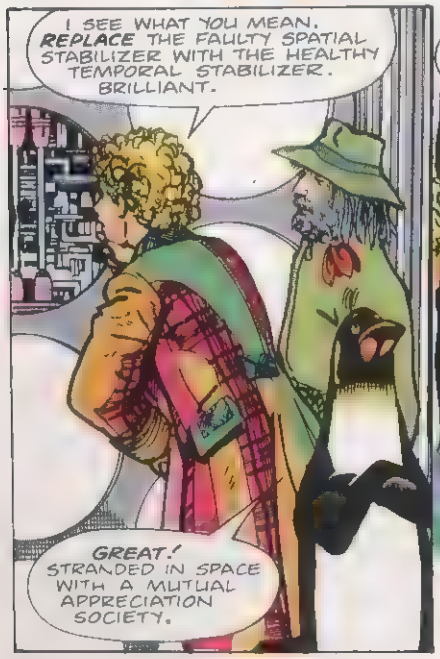
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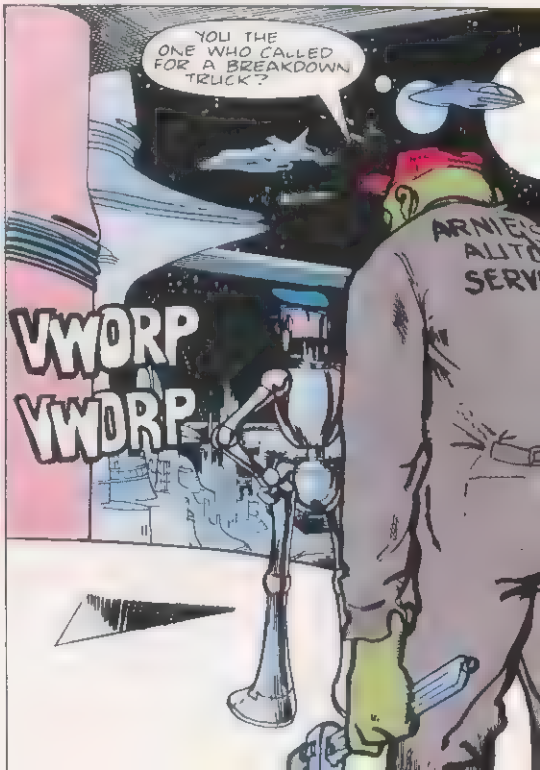
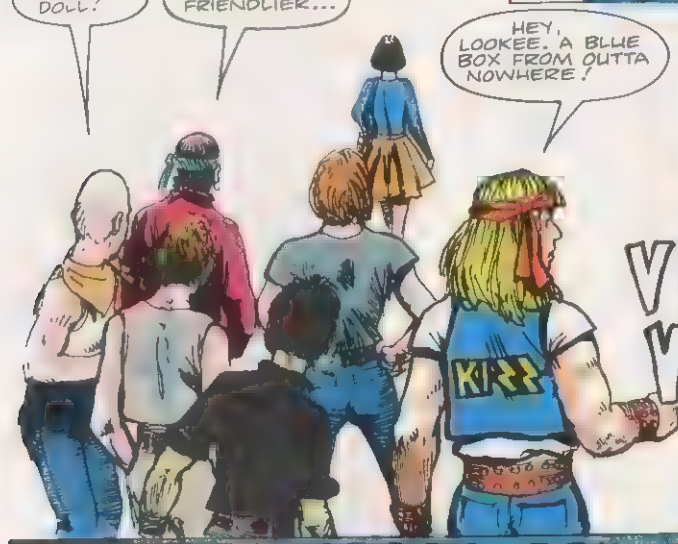
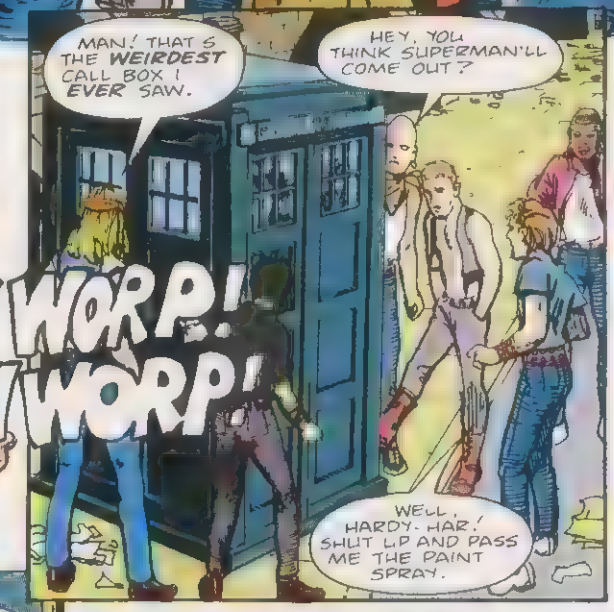

YOU THE ONE WHO CALLED FOR A BREAKDOWN TRUCK?
VWORP
VWORP

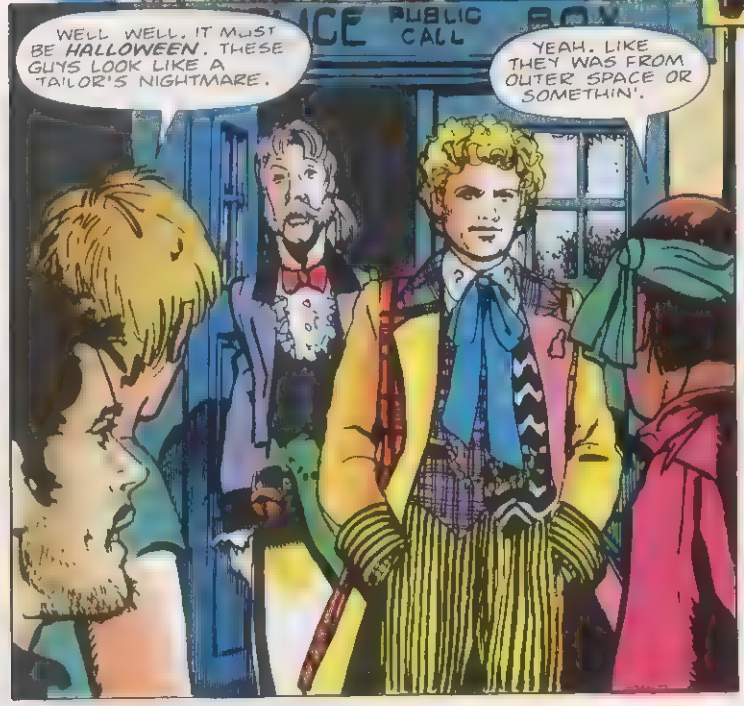
NEW YORK, 1985
THAT SINKS IT! I'M FINISHED!
GET YOURSELF ANOTHER SKIVVY. I QUIT!
WELL, DOCTOR? WHADDYA THINK?
NO... NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND.
BOY, I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM JUST WHAT I THOUGHT...
SUBWAY
HOW'S THIS?
NO! AND SHOW HIM WHERE THE SHAVING KIT IS!
NEW YORK. THE BIG APPLE. CITY OF OPPORTUNITY. WHATTA DUMP!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I HAVE TO MOVE TO A BETTER NEIGHBOURHOOD.
ANY BETTER DOCTOR?
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

HEY, LADY. CAN YOU SPARE A...
I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH ALREADY!

C'MON, FELLAS. GIVE ME SPACE. I'VE HAD A HARD DAY!


WHATTA DOLL!
I'VE SEEN FRIENDLIER...
HEY, LOOKEE. A BLUE BOX FROM OUTTA NOWHERE!
KISS


MAN! THAT'S THE WEIRDEST CALL BOX I EVER SAW.
HEY, YOU THINK SUPERMAN'LL COME OUT?
WORP!
WORP!
WELL, HARDY-HAR! SHUT UP AND PASS ME THE PAINT SPRAY.


PUBLIC CALL
WELL WELL. IT MUST BE HALLOWEEN. THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE A TAILOR'S NIGHTMARE.
YEAH. LIKE THEY WAS FROM OUTER SPACE OR SOMETHIN'.

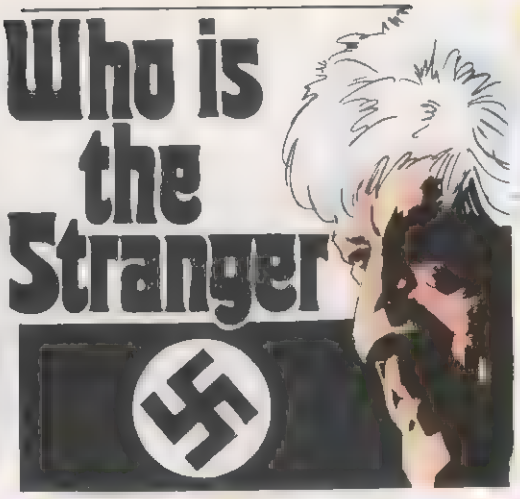
HOW ABOUT A BETTER PART OF TOWN, DOC? THESE GUYS LOOK A LITTLE UNFRIENDLY...
SAY, A TALKIN' PENGUIN!
NAH! ONE OF 'EM'S A VENTRILOQUIST!

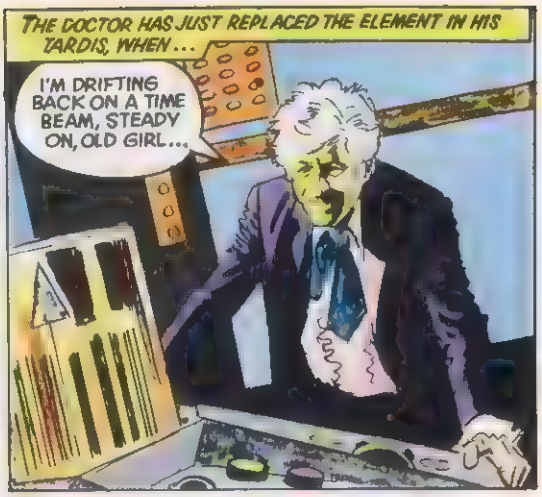
THOUGHT I HEARD THE TARDIS. COULD IT BE? HERE?
HEY! OW! CUT IT OUT!
TAKE IT EASY LADY!
WOW!
PERI? IS THAT YOU?
DOCTOR! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN!
OUR FRIENDS SEEM TO BE DEPARTING.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M LOOKING FOR YOU. IT'S A LONG STORY. BUT IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO COME ALONG?
A SPIRITED LADY. I WONDER WHO SHE IS?
I JUST HOPE SHE DOESN'T CHANGE INTO ANYTHING MORE COMFORTABLE THIS TIME!*
PUBLIC CALL BOX
23
* SEE DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE 102
NEXT: ABEL'S THE NAME, ALCHEMY'S THE GAME!

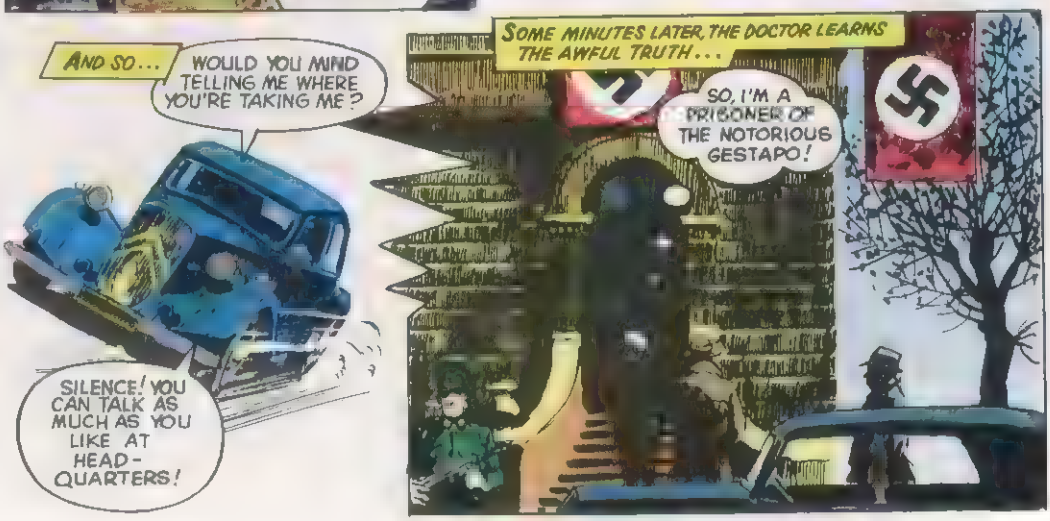
Jon Pertwee alias ('The Doctor')

The face of the mysterious ' Doctor ' doubles as that of one of radio and TV's most experienced actors. Somehow, Jon Pertwee's radio work, in such ever-popular series as ' The Navy Lark ' have combined with a talent for more serious acting. Today's Doctor is thus serious and fun-loving, with an interest in all kinds of mechanical things. The ' Jon Pertwee ' side of ' The Doctor ' also maintains a keen interest in diving and water skiing—Handy pursuits for getting out of scrapes with Cybermen and Daleks.

Who is the Stranger





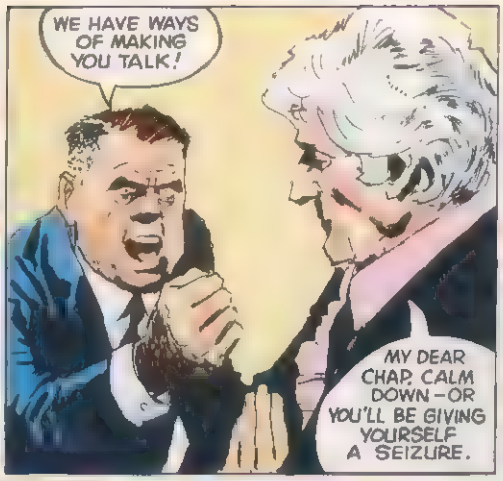


ALL—CHANNEL ACTION!

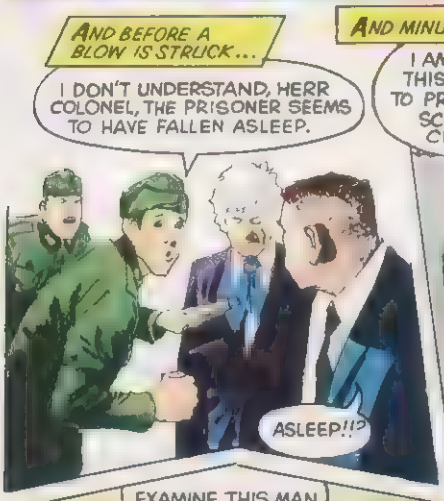
Cannon — Dr Who — Hawaii 5-0 — Mission Impossible — The Persuaders — Alias Smith and Jones . . . Top TV Stories in TV's exclusive paper for action

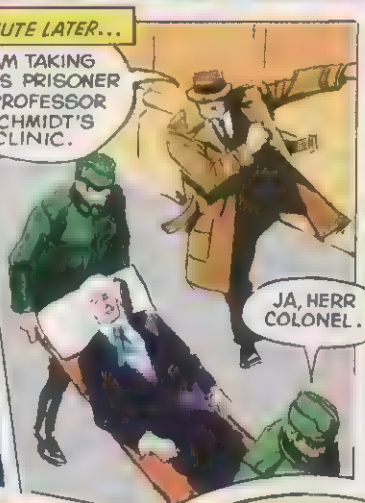
—TV ACTION!

SOON...
YOUR NAME?
THEY CALL ME THE DOCTOR... THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

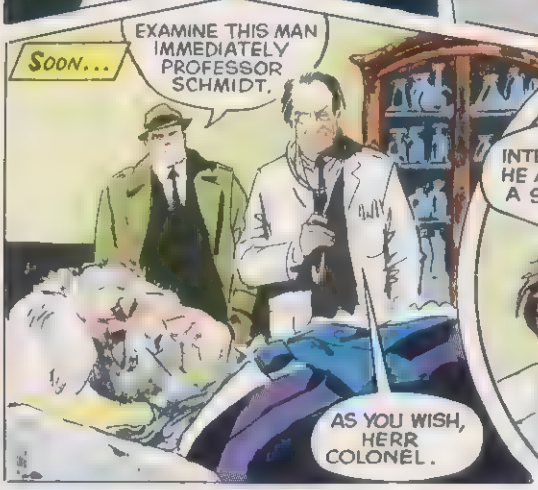

WE HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU TALK!
MY DEAR CHAP, CALM DOWN – OR YOU'LL BE GIVING YOURSELF A SEIZURE.

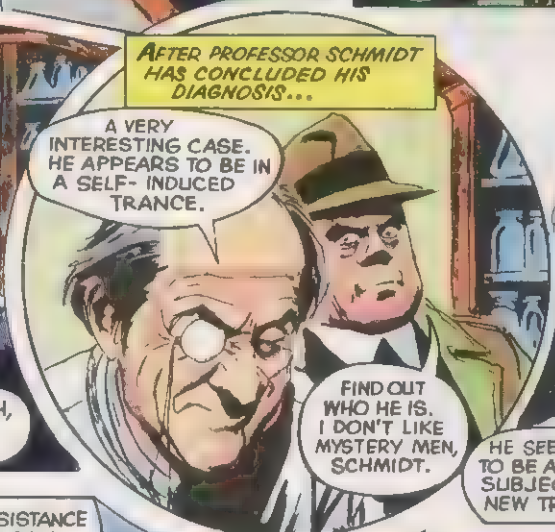
VERY WELL, LOOSEN HIS TONGUE.
TIME FOR EVASIVE ACTION...

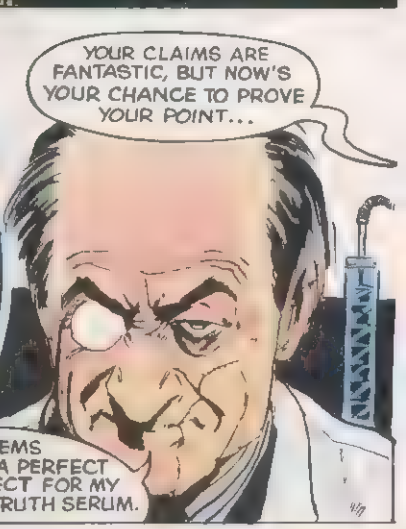

AND BEFORE A BLOW IS STRUCK...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, HERR COLONEL, THE PRISONER SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP.
ASLEEP!!?


AND MINUTE LATER...
I AM TAKING THIS PRISONER TO PROFESSOR SCHMIDT'S CLINIC.
JA, HERR COLONEL.

STILL IN TOUCH WITH HIS SENSES, THE DOCTOR FEELS HIMSELF PUT INTO AN AMBULANCE AND BEFORE LONG...

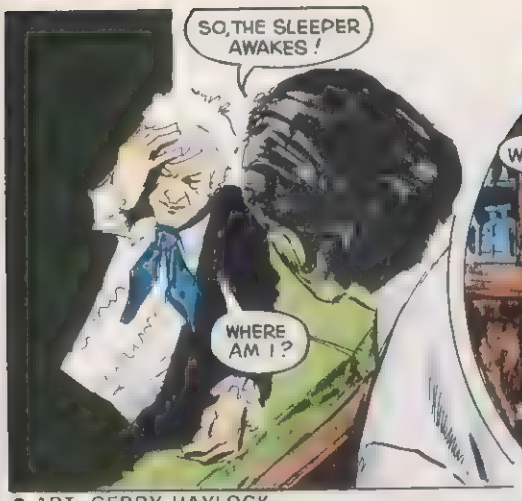

SOON...
EXAMINE THIS MAN IMMEDIATELY PROFESSOR SCHMIDT.
AS YOU WISH, HERR COLONEL.

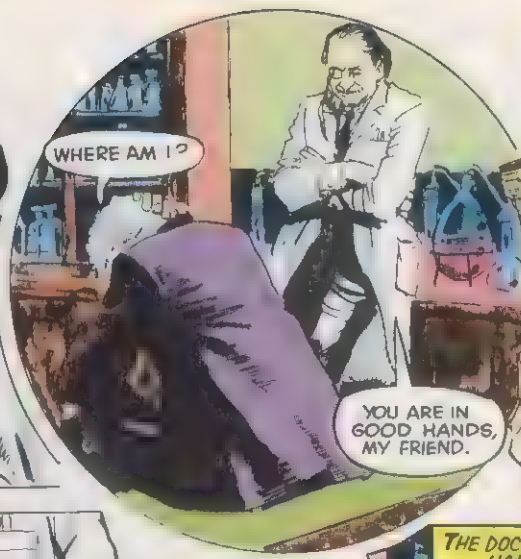

AFTER PROFESSOR SCHMIDT HAS CONCLUDED HIS DIAGNOSIS...
A VERY INTERESTING CASE. HE APPEARS TO BE IN A SELF- INDUCED TRANCE.
FIND OUT WHO HE IS. I DON'T LIKE MYSTERY MEN, SCHMIDT.


YOUR CLAIMS ARE FANTASTIC, BUT NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR POINT...
HE SEEMS TO BE A PERFECT SUBJECT FOR MY NEW TRUTH SERUM.

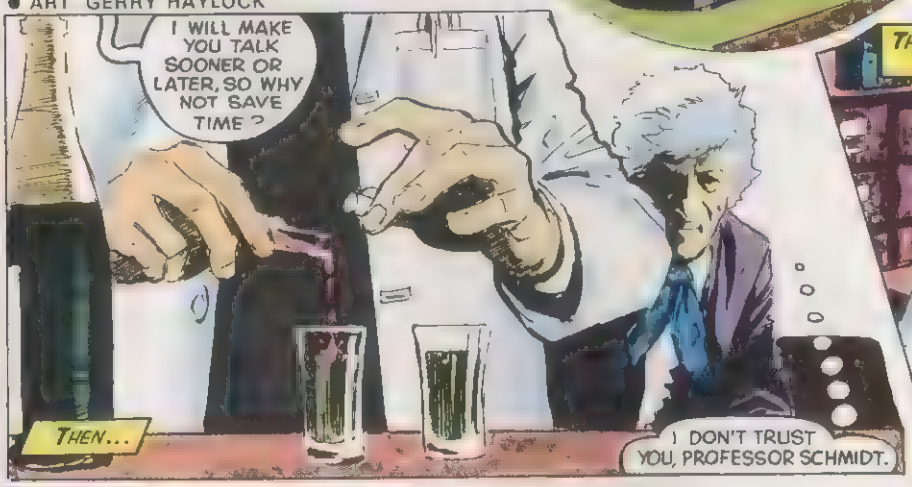
...THE REYNARD RESISTANCE GROUP IS ABOUT TO FALL INTO MY HANDS. THE LEADERS WILL NOT BREAK EASILY, YOUR SERUM MIGHT WELL BE THE ANSWER.
SO YOUR UNDERCOVER AGENT IS ABOUT TO BRING RESULTS, EH? VERY WELL, I SHALL PROVE MY GENIUS.

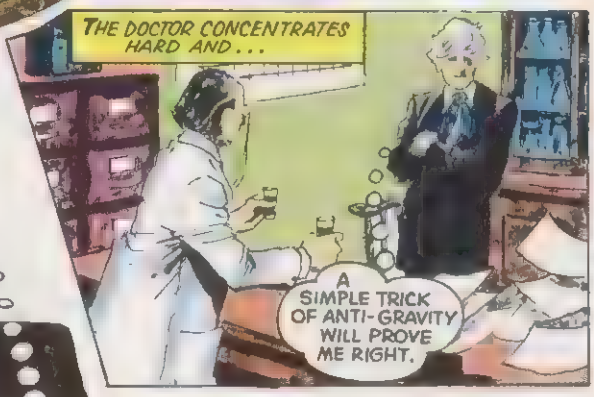
WHEN THE GESTAPO CHIEF LEAVES...
I THINK IT'S TIME I WOKE UP.





● ART GERRY HAYLOCK





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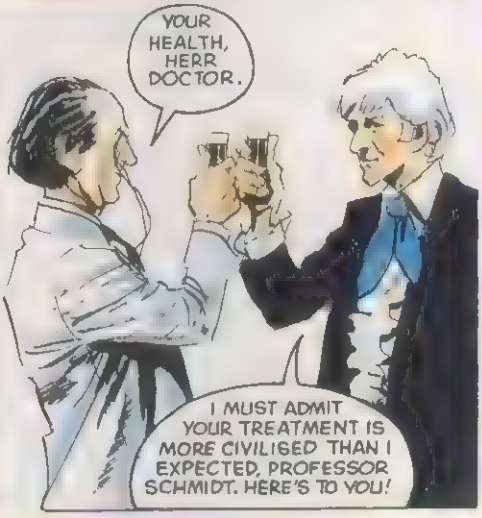
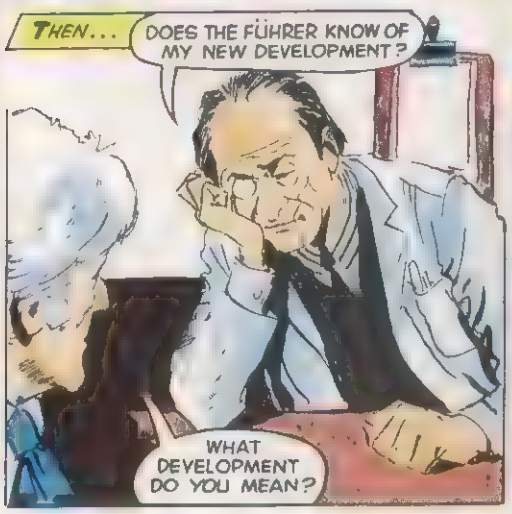
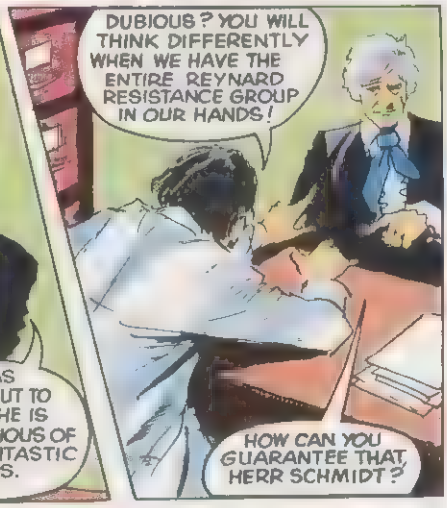






BECAUSE WE HAVE A TOP AGENT AMONGST THEM. BE ASSURED, HERR DOCTOR, THE REYNARD GROUP WILL BE IN MY CLINIC BEFORE THE INVASION OF ENGLAND NEXT MONTH.
THE DOCTOR PRESSES THE GESTAPO AGENT FOR MORE INFORMATION, THEN...
YOUR SECURITY IS EXCELLENT, PROFESSOR.
NO KEYS ARE USED HERE, ONLY INGENIOUS GERMAN ELECTRONICS. BUT YOUR CAR IS WAITING.
EXCUSE ME, I'M LOOKING FOR REYNARD.
BAR
YOU TALK IN RIDDLES, M'SIEU, THE ONLY REYNARD I KNOW IS THE UNDERTAKER, MY NAME IS EUGENE.
USING HIS NEWLY DISCOVERED INFORMATION, THE DOCTOR ASKS TO BE DROPPED AT A CERTAIN CAFÉ.
THIS IS THE PLACE, BUT HOW DO I MAKE CONTACT?
IF YOU ARE IN CHARGE HERE, THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE...
BUT THEN...
STAND UP SLOWLY, M'SIEU. DON'T MAKE ANY FALSE MOVE OR IT WILL BE YOUR LAST.
AND THEN...
THIS FELLOW CLAIMS HE HAS IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR OUR GROUP, JACQUES.
WHAT'S YOUR GAME, M'SEIU? ARE YOU GESTAPO, OR JUST SOME CRANK TRYING TO GET IN WITH THE BOSCHE?
WHAT I AM DOESN'T MATTER! IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TO ME, YOU WILL BE FINISHED FOR GOOD!
SOME TIME AFTER...
THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MAN THAT IS NOT BOSCHE. WE WILL PUT HIM ON TRIAL.
HE IS NOT KNOWN ANYWHERE. WHO ELSE BUT A GERMAN WOULD BE SO STUPID?
WE ARE GOING TO TRUST YOU, M'SEIU. YOU WILL MEET REYNARD TONIGHT IN THE RUE DE RAPHAEL.

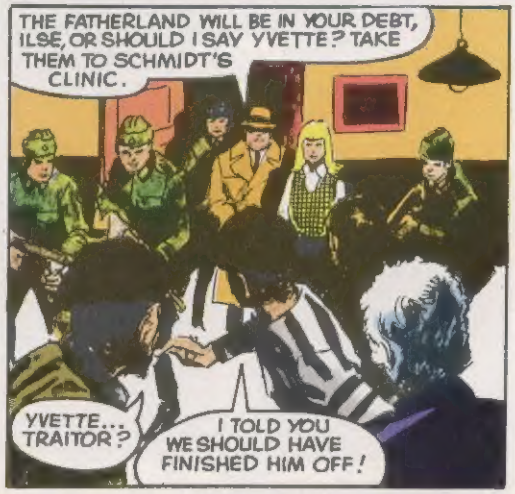
MEANWHILE...
If you wish to take a spy, come to the Rue Saint Raphael tonight at midnight.
A friend
AND THEN...
DELIVER THIS QUICKLY!
Gestapo H.Q
WHERE THE DEVIL IS HE?
A CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE...
THEN...
IS THIS REYNARD AT LAST..?
HALT!
TAKE HIM, YOU FOOLS!
GNNN!
REINER!
THE DOCTOR USES HIS OWN BRAND OF SELF DEFENCE...
ACH SO! THE IMPERSONATOR HIMSELF. VE MEET AGAIN!
THIS TIME YOUR VISIT TO MY HEAD-QUARTERS WILL NOT BE SO PLEASANT, HERR DOCTOR.
BUT THE DOCTOR IS DEFEATED BY SHEER NUMBERS...
THEN SUDDENLY...
BRAVO, M'SEIU! THAT WAS QUITE A BATTLE YOU PUT UP.
SO I WAS BEING TESTED, WAS I? OH, WELL, I SUPPOSE I CAN'T BLAME YOU.

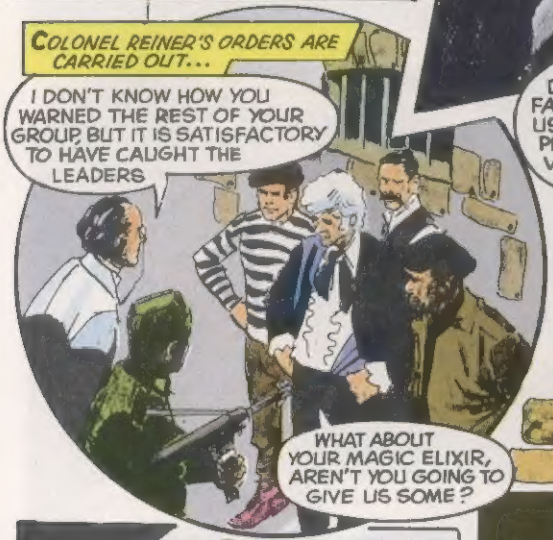
WHAT ABOUT THESE PIGS, JACQUES?
SHOOT THE GERMAN DOGS!
IF WE KILL THEM, THEY WILL TAKE INNOCENT FRENCH BLOOD IN REVENGE. WE'LL TAKE THEM WITH US.

SOME HOURS LATER, AT THE RESISTANCE H.Q., THE DOCTOR CONCLUDES HIS STORY.
A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST, MON AMI? IT IS NOT POSSIBLE.
OH, YES IT IS JACQUES, AND YOU MUST FIND OUT WHO IT IS, AND FAST. THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY OF BRINGING HIM INTO THE OPEN.

AND SO...
THAT'S THE MESSAGE, JEAN. SEE IT GETS THROUGH.
IT'S STILL TEN MINUTES TO THE CONTACT TIME JACQUES

A LONE FIGURE STEALS FROM THE RESISTANCE H.Q. AND SOON...
THEY ARE ABOUT TO SEND THE INVASION MESSAGE.

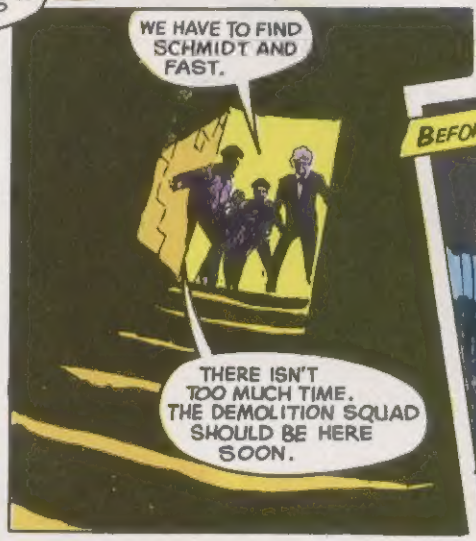

THE FATHERLAND WILL BE IN YOUR DEBT, ILSE, OR SHOULD I SAY YVETTE? TAKE THEM TO SCHMIDT'S CLINIC.
YVETTE... TRAITOR?
I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE FINISHED HIM OFF!


COLONEL REINER'S ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT...
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU WARNED THE REST OF YOUR GROUP, BUT IT IS SATISFACTORY TO HAVE CAUGHT THE LEADERS
WHAT ABOUT YOUR MAGIC ELIXIR, AREN'T YOU GOING TO GIVE US SOME?

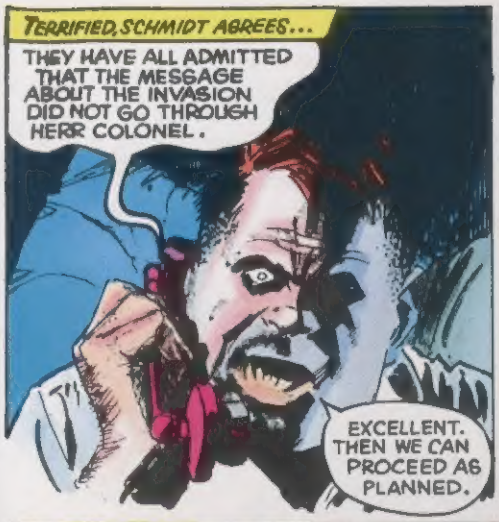
LATER, DOCTOR, THE FACT THAT YOU USED IT ON ME PROVED ITS VALUE.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS FRIENDS ARE PUT IN THE CELLS FOR THE NIGHT...
I CAN'T HELP FEELING THE DOCTOR'S BEEN TOO CLEVER...
EUGENE HAS A POINT, HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?
YOU FORGET I SPENT AN INFORMATIVE HOUR WITH SCHMIDT.

THESE ELECTRONIC LOCKS ARE PRIMITIVE.
BRAVO, DOCTOR!

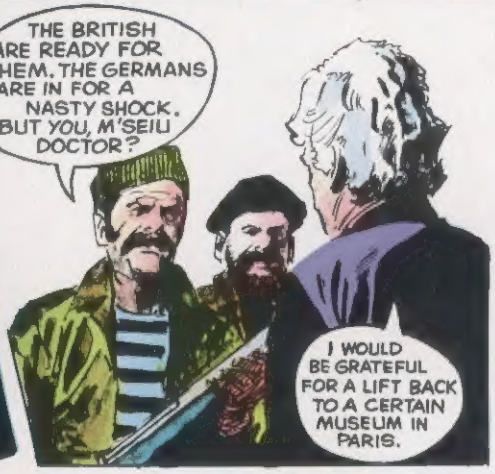

WE HAVE TO FIND SCHMIDT AND FAST.
THERE ISN'T TOO MUCH TIME. THE DEMOLITION SQUAD SHOULD BE HERE SOON.

BEFORE LONG...
HUSH PROFESSOR, WE WANT YOU TO MAKE A TELEPHONE CALL.


TERRIFIED, SCHMIDT AGREES...
THEY HAVE ALL ADMITTED THAT THE MESSAGE ABOUT THE INVASION DID NOT GO THROUGH HERR COLONEL.
EXCELLENT. THEN WE CAN PROCEED AS PLANNED.

MINUTES LATER, THE RESISTANCE GROUP'S OWN DESTRUCTION PLANS MATERIALISE!

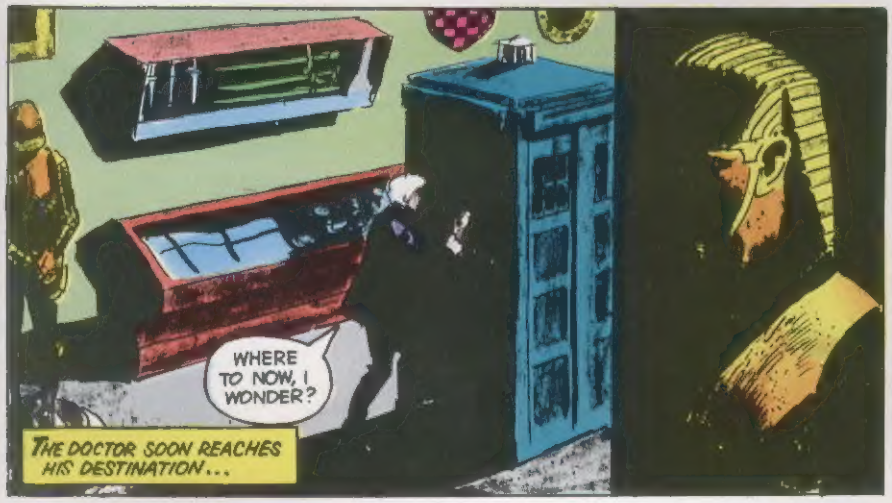
LATER...
SCHMIDT AND HIS SERUM ARE TO BE SENT TO LONDON. WE HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THAT, M'SEIU.
WHAT ABOUT THE INVASION OF BRITAIN?


THE BRITISH ARE READY FOR THEM. THE GERMANS ARE IN FOR A NASTY SHOCK. BUT YOU, M'SEIU DOCTOR?
I WOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR A LIFT BACK TO A CERTAIN MUSEUM IN PARIS.

AND SO...
HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?

LET'S JUST SAY I HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR THIS PLANET.
BUT WHO ARE YOU?

THE DOCTOR REVEALS NOTHING...
YOU HAVE MANY BATTLES TO FIGHT—BUT YOUR EFFORTS WILL BE REWARDED. AU REVOIR!


WHERE TO NOW, I WONDER?
THE DOCTOR SOON REACHES HIS DESTINATION...